The Australian February 28, 1962 Over 800,000 Copies Registered in Australia for trans-Sold Every Week LIFT-OUT BOOK Designs for all the family COLOR Harbor views Special Offer from Sydney's tallest building **TWIST DRESS** Mrs. Falkiner, of Haddon Rig TO BUY OR TO MAKE See page 3 Details page 2 Three pages of Zoo Babies



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The Chustralian

FEBRUARY 28, 1962

Vol. 29, No. 39

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

One of the few white women to have visited the Weebubbie Cave, 300 feet under the Nullarbor Plain, has written in praise of our article by the late Frank Hurley. (February 14 issue.)

SHE is Mrs. G. R. Pigott, Lane Cove, N.S.W., and she writes: What a delight the wonderful article and pictures

"They revived memories of a trip my husband and I had to the Koonalda and Wes-bubbic Caves in 1958.

"Koonalda Cave is about four miles off the highway, and Weebubbie is 14 miles out in the scrub from Eucla.

"When we asked Roy Gurney (mentioned in the article). then a complete stranger, about it, he proceeded to draw a mud map of its location and warned us that the road was rough in parts, 'and look out for rabbit-trappers' tracks, they shoot off everywhere, but turn left all the time and you'll be right.'

"And sure enough we were,

"This great hole in the ground is a really frightening sight when you first come upon it on the edge of the scrub — two hundred feet or more down almost perpendicular walls to the entrance to the cave proper, and only a piece of No. 8 wire to hang on to.

"Very few women would have seen this wonderful cavern and lake. By the light of a magnesium flare it was a sight that well repaid the frightening job of getting down to and out of the cave.

"The highlight of the trip readers vas, however, the real mateship of the Gurneys.

"Our last words from Roy when he asked how long we were staying at Weebubbie, and warned us of the dangers there, were, 'Well, if you are not back by noon tomorrow I'll be out."

Our cover----

• THE TWIST DRESS. Keep in step with the times and fling the flare in our party twist dress. The design has a formfitted torso and a skirt that really swings.

The dress-we called it "Christina"-is available

The dress—we called it "Christina"—is available ready made or cut out ready to sew. An easy-to-make, well-constructed pattern for the design is also available. The ready-made dress may be obtained in either of two fabrics — faille taffeta or cotton poplin. Color range in poplin includes royal-blue, pale blue, black, silver-grey, Kelly-green, spruce-green, and flame-red. Color range in taffeta: Strawberry twirl (see cover), choo-choo-blue, black, sway-green, and peach melha. Ready made (taffeta), sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/19/6. Postage 6/6 extra.

Cut out only (taffeta), sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/15/9. Postage 6/6 extra-Ready made (poplin), sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/19/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/3/6. Postage 6/6

Cut out only (poplin), sizes 32 and 34in. hust, £1/15/6; 36 and 38in. hust, £1/17/6, Postage 6/6 extra. Pattern No. 7480 in sizes 32 to 38in. hust requires 34yds, 42in. material (taffeta) or 44yds, 36in. material (results)

(poplin). Pattern price 3/6.

The dress can be inspected or ordered at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney-Mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. If ordering the dress, please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

• How To Dance The Twist, pages 12 and 13.

THOUGH women of Fiji get a pretty good deal in lots of ways, it's a case of "men first" when it comes to read-ing The Australian Women's

A limited number of copies goes to these islands each week, and a friend tells us each copy has about 10

readers.

The father of the family has first "read," and when he's finished passes the magazine on to his eldest son — even if the son lives miles away.

The second son gets it next, then the third, the fourth, and

so on — the women don't get a turn till all the men have had theirs.

Consequently, the women sometimes miss out. And even if they do see the magazine they've had to wait an awfully long time.

each THE feature "How to Save Money in last weeks paper attracted a great deal of interest. The information about gas and electricity was, of course, from local source. Other hints came from two books which deal with family bedset in the course of th budgeting. They are: "Make the Most of Your Income," by John L. Springer, and "Kiplinger's Family Buying Guide," both published by Prentice-Hall Inc.

New boss of "Haddon Rig"

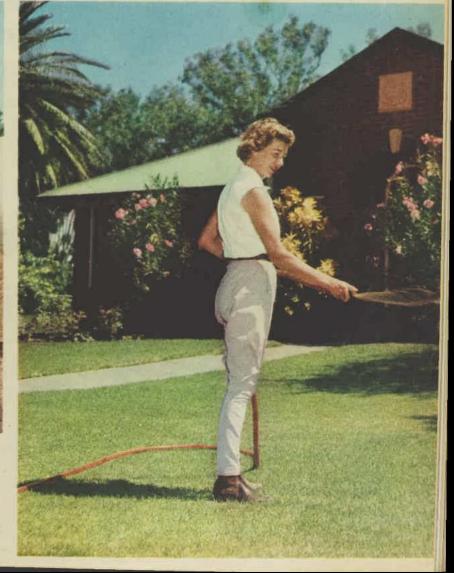


• A new boss rode the lush red-soil paddocks of the famous "Haddon Rig" merino stud in north-western New South Wales last week. And the boss was a woman! Youthful-looking, slim, and blond Mrs. Pauline Falkiner became general supervisor of "Haddon Rig" under the will of her late husband, G. B. S. Falkiner. • Far from the show ring where she was so well known, Mrs. Pauline Falkiner shows that she still has her riding skill as she gently rounds up a flock of "Haddon Rig" sheep for inspection by interstate buyers. (These pictures and those overleaf by John Russell.)

• More pictures overleaf.



• Until she gave up competitive riding two years ago, Mrs. Falkiner was one of Australia's most successful show horsewomen. ABOVE: She feeds two of her favorites, Symphony (on the left) and Blue Gown, which won both hack and jumping events at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane shows. RIGHT: Mrs. Falkiner (formerly Miss Pauline Weir) waters the beautiful garden which surrounds the station homestead at "Haddon Rig." "I'm not really a good gardener," she says.



New boss of "Haddon Rig"

• In her new job as boss of "Haddon Rig," Mrs. Falkiner will lean heavily for advice and guidance on Alec Ramsay, the station manager, right, who has worked on the station since 1926. Quiet and unassuming, Mr. Ramsay is really Sir Alexander, sixth Baronet of Balmain, but he never uses the title. One of the country's top merino experts, he talks over the day's work with Mrs. Falkiner when they meet on their rounds.





◆ ABOVE: Mrs. Falkiner will reappear in the show rings of Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide this year. Instead of riding she will be driving this beautiful black hackney stallion, Hurstwood Sultan, imported from England with an unbeaten record. RIGHT: "Haddon Rig" carries 44,000 sheep—all blue-bloods—on its 82,000 acres. Last week buyers began arriving from every State.

Little boss of future

> • Seven-year-old George Falkiner, who, under his father's will, takes over "Haddon Rig" when he reaches 23, plays beside the pool of the Falkiner town house in Bellevue Hill, Sydney.



THE MAGIC OF DAME MARGOT

From BETTY BEST, in London

• Dame Margot Fonteyn regards her coming tour of Australia as "a hard-working adventure."

SNATCHING a few dear, I hope the craze is planned that if I went back over now." minutes at home after weeks of hard rehearsing and performing at the I wondered if she could face Royal Opera House, she poured tea for me and con-fessed: "This is really fessed: "This is really the very first time in my life that I have toured without a large ballet company. It is a tre-mendous challenge. We all feel it in this group and only hope we can fulfil our own hopes."

hopes."

It was typical of Dame Margot that her first remarks should take this self-effacing,

She never blows her own an hever blows her own trumpet—isn't even very good at listening to other people blowing it in her hearing. There is a quiet, practical approach to anything she discusses about her career.

It is in such contrast to the usual conversation of a lifelong ballet dancer that for a moment one finds it hard to connect her with the glamor-ous spirit she is on stage.

There is no sprinkling of technical terms to describe a technical terms to describe a repertoire or performance. No show of artistic temperament. Just a quiet, neat little figure in a black silk dress who might be a businessman's well-

groomed wife. Until she smiles.

Then, suddenly, there is a Then, suddenly, there is a burst of personality and charm that transforms her. In a flash you know what it is that dazzles the farthest fan at the back of the vast Covent Garden gallery.

So bright, so full of life is her smile that it generates its own energy, and yours, too.

But it is a well-guarded energy, never wasted, never gushing, almost frightened of the effect its brilliance has upon her public.

Autographs

When I asked why she was returning to Australia, her unpremediated response was indicative of this.

Certainly not to sign autographs! Oh, those autographs last time! We had never known anything like it in all our lives.

"And for that matter I won't "And for that matter I won't "I will be even harder work."

"You see there are only "You see the are onl

"As we arrived at the theatre, they were lined up in their hundreds. We used to get there 20 minutes early to clear a vast pile of them before we went on, and then by the time we came off at will have interval there were twice as everyone.

"And we arrived at the cight of the bave a sing the clear a vast pile of them before we went on, and then by the time we came off at will have interval there were twice as everyone."

"And we arrived at the cight of the came and the clear than the company to the company that the came are the came and the came are the came and the came are the came

It also occurred to me that it was the first time I'd ever heard a star complain about such adulation. It gives the key to Dame Margot.

She wants to give to people

through her dancing — as
much as she can as often as
she can. But she regards her off-stage life as her own and cherishes it that way.

"I suppose everyone tells you this, but I really did like the Australian people," she

"No, I can't tell you why. I just did. And Australia itself.

Eight-star tour

MARGOT FONTEYN
will begin a five
weeks' tour of Australian
capitals on April 5. Her
partner will be David
Blair, and also on the
tour will be six other stars
of the Royal Ballet of the Royal Ballet —
Brian Shaw, Annette
Page, Brian Ashbridge,
Maryan Lane, Robin
Haigh, and one still to be

There will probably be four performances a week in Perth, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and, finally, Sydney.

In spite of the fact that last time I didn't see any of it.
"I liked the atmosphere of

all that I didn't see. I could feel the effect of all those wide-open spaces - the out-back, don't you call it?

"For instance, all the time I was there I would have liked nothing better than to go to see Alice Springs. Although I didn't have a chance, I knew I would have loved it. "And for that matter I won't

"You see, there are only eight of us, so no one will have a single performance off. We are all needed every single time the curtain goes up. The programme is designed that way so that every audience will have a chance to see

miterval there were twice as many waiting again.

"We could have spent our ances in a separate city each week and everything to be graphs and never danced once. It was really the worst aspect of the tour. One doesn't like to disappoint—oh

"And with four performances in a separate city each week and everything to be got from place to place, there will not be time for sightseeing.

"It's funny, I had always

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

to Australia I would go as a tourist and see everything missed last time. But here am on a working trip again.

"I never get back to see all the Leautiful places I dance in. I always promise myself I will, but by now it would take a year at least to see them all.

No one ever gets as long away from work as that, do they?" This didn't sound like a woman planning to retire, as so many have said she is doing. It is a question Dame Margot never likes to discuss

Cautious question

I asked her rather warily if, after she stopped dancing, she would be prepared to go to a country like Australia and teach or help boost ballet by

leading a company.

She looked so bored at the suggestion that I was sorry I'd asked. Then she explained; "No, I have never had the

vocation to be a teacher. And vocation to be a teacher. And it really is a vocation which few dancers have. Neither would I consider starting out on a new aspect of my work. "The reason is quite simple.

"I was dancing when I got married, so I do not feel too badly about the fact that it has kept me from my husband very often when I would rather have been with him. That was a fact of which we were both conscious when we married."

(Dame Margot's husband, Dr. Roberto Arias, is the son of a former President of

But I would rather be with him than do anything else in the world. To take on something new now when I needn't, I believe, would not only be wrong but foolish.

"And, anyway, not what I want. I have never felt the slightest inclination to manage a ballet company or to transfer my effort to any other branch

of my art.
"I am a dancer, and that's what I do about ballet —

When we got on to the subject of her repertoire for Australia, Dame Margot bright-ened up again. She felt on

ened up again. She felt on much happier ground.

"We have tried to make it as balanced as possible, both in content and for the dancers. We shall take a specially designed basic set which can be adapted to whatever we do.

"Every programme (there are three) will contain one complete short ballet.

"We plan to do some which haven't yet been seen in Aus-

haven't yet been seen in Australia instead of all the old favorites that everybody



"There will be 'Spectre de la Rose,' which Brian Shaw and I will dance. Then 'Symphonic Variations,' takes three pairs, so most of us will be in that.

"The third one is new. It was done by Roland Petit for about ten people, but we shall do it with eight. It is called 'Ballabile,' and is full of won-derful costume changes and lovely music.

"Then we will do Birth-day Offering for the first time in Australia. This is the ballet, specially designed for the Queen, which has been such

Ballet repertoire;
"These will all be backed by shorter dances to make up the programmes and vary the type of dancing each audience will see in one night."

'No more old favorites?" I

"No more old favorites?" I asked.

"Well, yes. I shall probably do the pas de deux from the second act of 'Swan Lake' and the Aurora pas de deux from 'The Sleeping Beauty' with David Blair.

"And, of course, the other girls, like Maryan Lane and Annette Page, will do all the spectacular technical pieces."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because they do it much better than I do," the Royal Opera's prima ballerina answered simply. "I have never really been the spectacu-lar kind of dancer that some

"Steps bored me"

purely expressive pieces. It's another thing altogether. I have always been much more interested in the subject than the steps. The steps always bored me, but the story fascinated me."

Our time was up, but as I con time was up, but as it went to the door I asked Dame Margot for her fondest recollection of her previous Australian visit.

ory of the tour, she says, was of dancing to handicapped children. Picture at left shows her in a classical role; below, presenting her slippers to a young patient in a Sydney hospital.

LEADING BALLERINA of the Royal

Opera, Dame Margot last visited Aus-

tralia in 1957. Her most vivid mem-



member. You see, some of them were out of their hospitals for the first time They squealed with delight.

"You see, I am better at telling a story and doing the

tes, squeated all through the show. I loved it. I've never been one of those dancers who hate to be inter-rupted by an audience. I love to hear if they are enjoying it. They can applaud bang in the middle of something if they feel like it.
"Well, these children did.

Yes, squealed all through

Right from the start of their matinees. We had never done this sort of thing anywhere else and I found it the mostexciting experience,
"The more excited they got,

the more excited we got. was unforgettable.

"The shows we gave for the handicapped children.
"They were the most thrill-



Yoko builds a big bridge of friendship



Yoko brought this floral kim-ono and sandals from Japan.



 And then changed into this blazer and tunic for high school.

SIXTEEN - YEAR - OLD Yoko Mayazaki, the first Japanese student to visit Aus-tralia under a Rotary student-exchange programme, has slipped right into the hearts of her Victorian hosts.

A petite 4ft. 11in., with a charming smile which lights up her hig brown eyes, Yoko is forming a "bridge of friendship," according to Rotarian Mr. Don Farquhar.

Yoko may be a very tiny bridge physically, but she is building big friendships.

huilding big friendships.

Mr. Farquhar, who lost his sight as a result of World War II injuries, feels the need for greater friendships between Australians and Japanese.

After staying with him, his wife, and sons, Ian (18) and Alan (16), at McGrae for three months Yoko will live with other Australian families.



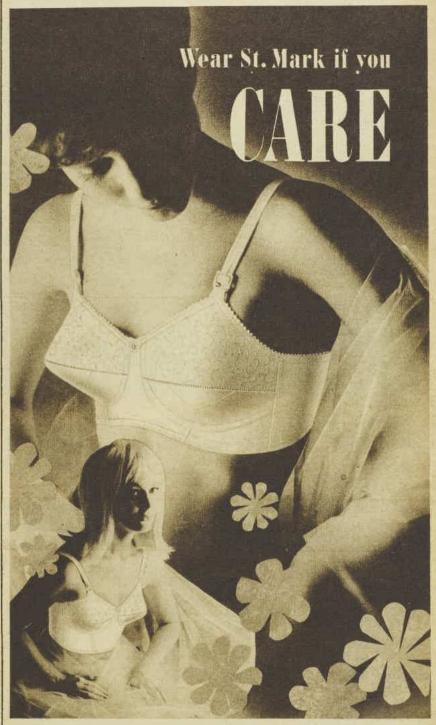
• Yoko has a cheery goodbye for Mr. Don Farquhar (above) before going on a shopping jaunt. Below, the Farquhars and their guest enjoy the sunshine. From left: Mrs. Farquhar, Alan (16), Mr. Farquhar, Yoko, and Ian (18).



THE AIRSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

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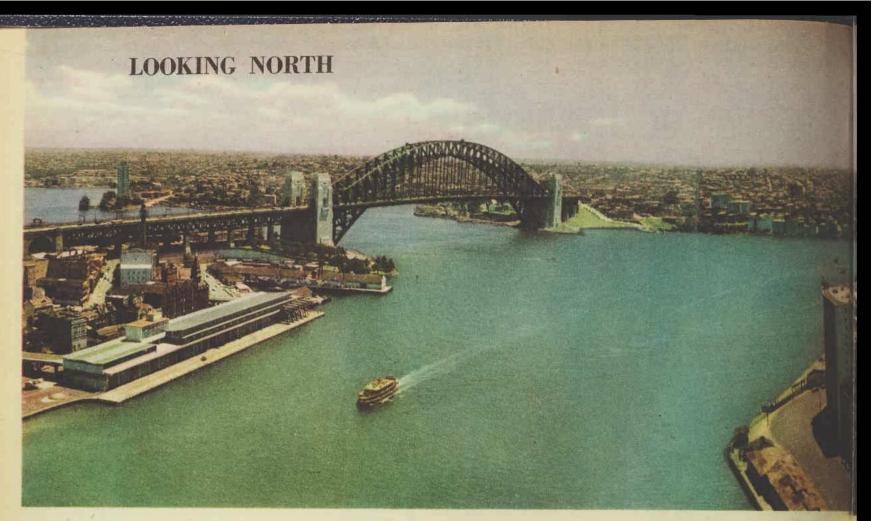
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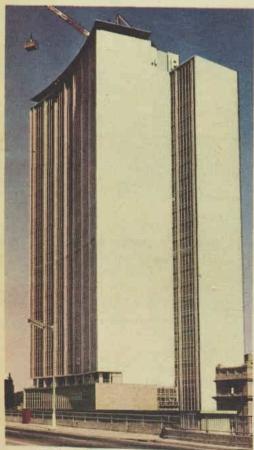
WOOLWORTHS

Page 7



This is the view from the new A.M.P. building

ROOF-TOP picture shows Sydney's main overseas passenger terminal on left; Opera House construc-tion beyond the buildings in foreground; farther right, Government House; North Head on horizon.



A.M.P. BUILDING, Sydney's tallest, has 26 storeys, and another three in central tower.

Page 8 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - February 28, 1962

WOULDN'T GOVERNOR PHILLIP

• The modern glass-and-marble-and-steel-fronted face of Circular Quay, now dominated by the A.M.P. Society's new 26-storey skyscraper, would have seemed an incredible development to Captain Phillip when he landed there 174 years ago.

each adding its big-busitoday—with the A.M.P. may gasp at these facts: into it. colossus, the tallest in the city - the Quay has Sydney's most impressive skyline.

To a "mere woman," used to working in all kinds of offices, from palatial glasshouses to poky Dickensian London hideouts, it is not only the structural speci-

> THIS VIEW from the A.M.P. Build-ing takes in the city far to the south and south west. Building under construction at left, to be used as offices for the C o m m onwealth C o m m onwealth
> Department of the
> Interior, will have
> 22 storeys. In the
> foreground are the
> Education and
> Lands Department
> buildings.

Architects, engineers, one and three-quarter piping were needed. ness background, until bricklayers, and plumbers acres of mosaic tiles went

IN recent years the new fications of the A.M.P. — That one and a — That 53 miles of airbuildings have risen, Building that impress. quarter million bricks and conditioning duct and

-That the structure weighs 71,000 tons.





BE SURPRISED

LOOKING SOUTH

ployees who have been who will follow them) Office boys are finding

It was another kind of alike exclaim with delight which the mere laying of fact that caught my fancy. at the stream of liquid a finger registers the call The 1000 A.M.P. em- soap coming through taps for the lift. - like water - in the

are amazed at the com- it difficult to tear themfort and convenience of selves away from the working in the building. 11 lifts - each of which Stenographers, typists, has an electronically and executives' secretaries controlled glass panel on

Harbor and city pano-ramas by Keith Barlow; picture of A.M.P. Build-ing on opposite page by Ernie Nutt.

People working on the moving in (not to men-tion the 1500 tenants storage tank in the roof, the speed of the lifts — 26th floor will appreciate travelling at the rate of 1000ft. a minute with scarcely any feeling of movement.

Junior typists and messengers no longer have to carry important documents and letters around the building. Documents will be taken by conveyer belt, along with mail deliveries, from one department to another.

Secretaries allowed into the boardroom on the 25th floor will see a huge halfton table. Twenty men can sit around it.

A crane had to be used to get the table up to the top of the building before the walls were built around it. The one-piece top is made of Queensland wal- through a tunnel. nut from the Atherton Tableland and is the amazing view, has gardens largest of its kind in the and a snackbar.

Sighs of relief and luxury are coming from of employment could be the employees treated to called "paradise," this the most modern method 384ft. building is it. of air-conditioning.

The rooftop, with its

-Winifred Munday THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962



SYDNEY COVE 174 years after the arrival of the First Fleet. The new building dominates Circular Quay. BELOW: The same area only seven months after the landing, from a sketch by Captain John Hunter (who later became Governor). Governor Phillip's house is the long building behind and to the left of the flagstaff. Convict huts, Marine barracks, and hospital are on right of the Tank Stream.

It operates on a heatpump system, using harbor water pumped

If ever anyone's place



Page 9

Pat is a salesgirl in



Your Sanitone Drycleaner can rescue your cotton frocks from the ravages of heat and humidity. With Sanitone's exclusive Style-Set finish he can restore their body, revitalize colors and make them feel and look like new. Your Sanitone expert is equally adept at keeping Wash-n-Wear suits looking crisp and bright. And what he does for summer garments, he can do for all your clothes. Why not call on him today.

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• Career-girl Pat Baulstrode, who has rocketed high in Sydney's real-estate world with record home-unit sales, can't afford one herself.

By MARGARET ROBERTSON

A tall, vivacious career-girl has stormed the world of real estate in Sydney and clinched home-unit sales worth £250,000 in one year.

careers behind her.

Pat's bosses claim she is friends Sydney's leading saleswoman of home units, but she is modest about her accomplish-

"I've never totted up my live and sales figures," she said. "I she said. know I've sold dozens of units, but I haven't kept an exact

To reach her big sales figure, Pat wore out a dozen pairs of shoes, worked 10 hours a day, six days a week (weekends are her busiest times), and spent a week in times), and spent a week in the care of a physiotherapist when her legs "gave out" after regularly climbing the 18 storeys at Blues Point Tower at Blues Point, on Sydney Harbor, before the lifts were installed.

Quick judgment

Said to be the tallest resi-dential building in the South-ern Hemisphere, Blues Point Tower has been Pat's main centre of operations.

"I can judge pretty quickly if a client is going to buy or not," she said. "Inspecting home units has become a popular hobby with some women, just as others play bridge.

"But even if I know they are not going to buy, they get the full treatment. In a year or two they may be genuinely interested and then they will come back to our firm."

Men usually take a back seat when it comes to buying home units, Pat finds. It is their wives who ask the ques-tions and make the final de-cisions — and they know exactly what they want.

A view takes first priority; then a balcony, garden, or out-

SHE is English-born door patio. The kitchen is third in importance. Most married couples are buying who at 26 already has for their retirement, but they three other successful still want two bedrooms to accommodate visiting chil-dren, grandchildren, or just

Pat likes to get to know her clients a little before she shows them anything.

"I find out the way they live and how they entertain,"

Commission

Some people make up their minds to buy within five minutes of entering a unit, but most prefer to see six or seven and compare them before

making a decision.

Pat herself does not live in a unit. "I can't afford it," she said, "although it's surprising how many business girls can raise enough for the deposit."

Her salary is the same as that of an average secretary, but she is paid commission on each sale and has full-time use of the firm's car.

use of the firm's car.

She shares a flat at Double Bay with three other girls. She leads a busy social life and finds time for parties and the theatre despite a working day which rarely ends before 7 p.m.

Born with a brain for business, at 21 Pat was co-director of an electrical-goods store run.

of an electrical-goods store run by her father, who brought his family from England 11 years ago and settled near Mel-

When Pat moved to Sydney when I'al moved to Syuncy she trained as a manicurist and was immediately asked to teach other trainees. Later she worked in the public-relations field for the Spastic Centre at Mosman, then became recep-tionist for the real-estate firm. tionist for the real-estate firm.

About 12 months ago I got bored with the job and I asked my boss if I could go on to the selling staff. He found a place for me straight away," she said.

HOUSEFUL of antique furniture has been shipped from England to New Zealand for John Anderson, of Christchurch, and his Sydney bride, formerly Judith Robson, as a wedding pres-ent from John's mother, Lady Whiskard.

Judith, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Robsor says the treasures include a mahogany dining-room suite and a lovely Welsh dresser.

The furniture is from Lady Whiskard's former home at Mildenhall, Suffolk.

Mildenhall, Sulfolk.

Since the death of her husband, Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, who was United Kingdom High Commissioner in Australia in the 1930s, she has been living on the French Riviera.

John's father was the late Lieut.-Colonel Roderick Anderson, D.S.O., M.C., of Christchurch.

LOCAL fishermen will stand in the river and open up fresh oysters to start the menu at the Sunday luncheon at Mr. and Mrs. Syd Albright's idyllic holiday home at Cottage Point, on the Hawkesbury, on February 25. About two hundred guests will attend the function, which is to aid the Silver Lighthouse Committee of the Royal Blind Society and the Food for Babies Fund. There'll be swimming later in the rock ridal road and sharp axes for gentlemen who rock tidal pool and sharp axes for gentlemen who want to follow the lead of Sir Charles Moses, who proposes to work off the sumptuous lunch by felling trees!

GLADYS MONCRIEFF plans a marathon round of theatre-going in New York and London when she makes her fourth trip abroad on February 24. She is sailing with Elsi-Wilson for America in the Monterey and will continue the trip from New York in the Queen Elizabeth.

I LIKE the circular emerald set between two diamends in the engagement ring Ted Patterson has given Penny Cowper. They're to be married at St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, on June 15. Afterwards, Penny's parents, Mr. and Mr. E. W. H. Cowper, will entertain at Elanora Country Club The guest list for the reception is headed by the names of minety relatives! Penny, who is the eldest of the seventh generation of the Cowper family in Australia, is a descendant of Sir Charles Cowper, who formed the Cowper Ministry in 1861.

"HOW did you ever bring yourself to leave Sydney, Mummy?" was the poser put to Mrs. Howard Audderheide by her ecstatically pro-Australian daughter, Christine, aged ten, within a few days of their arrival here. Mrs. Aufderheide (formerly Rosic Mitchell), with Christine and small sons, Stanley and Dean, is making her first home visit for nine years. She has come from Lembach, Germany, where her husband is in the U.S. Army Air Corps. Until recently Major Aufderheide worked with the Discoverer satellite project for two years and was a member of the team which helped to recover the Discoverer's capsule. The Auflerheides romantic telephone wedding in 1946 made world headlines. Rosic said "I will" over the line from Sydney to the bridegroom in Minnesota, U.S.A., where he had an old family friend, Judge Johnson, at his side to perform the "ceremony." The telephone vows were repeated at a church wedding when Rosic reached America several months later. Rosie reached America several months later



INTERESTING ROMANCE. Flight-Lieutenant John Burns, R.A.F., and Miss Pam Scott have announced their engagement in London. Miss Scott, who is a Wenona old girl, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Scott, formerly of Castle-crag, have lived in England for the past five years. Her fiance is A.D.C. to Air Chief-Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, Chief of the Air Staff in Britain. They will have an Air Force wedding at historic St. Clement Danes Church, London.

ROUNDABOUT

By Yany Coles





AT PRINCES, French naval officers Lieutenant Maurice Argouse (left) and Lieutenant Domique O'Neill chatting with the president of the French-Australian Association, Mr. A. G. Everard, and his wife (centre couple), at reception given by the French Ambassador, M. Philippe Monod, in honor of officers of the French training cruiser Jeanne d'Arc and the escort ship Victor Schoelcher. More than three hundred guests were entertained at the function,

JUST WED. Mr. Tony Schmaenling and his bride, formerly Miss Ian Bore, leaving St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. They were attended by Mrs. Douglas Willcock, Mr. Rick Forster, and fixe-year-old nephew of the bride, Miles Bore, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Bore. After the cremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Bore, entertained at their home at Rose Bay. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Schmaehling, of Guildford. After honeymooning in the Snowy Mountains, the young couple will leave for abroad on March 18.



ENGLISH VISITORS. The Hon, Lionel Berry and his wife, Lady Helene Berry, and their daughters, Miss Caroline Berry and Miss Catherine Berry (right), who have been making a ten days' visit to Sydney. Mr. Berry is Lord Kemsley's eldest son, and Lady Helene is the daughter of the 11th Marquess of Tweeddale, She wears two gold charm bracelets hung with souvenirs of countries she has visited. They include a merino, platypus, and kookaburra as mementoes of Australia.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY was celebrated by Younger Set groups of Torch Bearers for Legacy at a ball at the Trocadera. ABOVE: Miss Libby Johnston, Miss Pam Terry (centre), and Mr. Bruce Walsh chatting between dances. AT RIGHT: Miss Pat Sinclair with Mr. Warwick Dawson (couple on the left), Mr. Peter Stringfellow, and Miss Jill Goldstein sat at a table set off with candelabra hung with hearts, which were a feature of the romantic decor.



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HOW to DANCE the

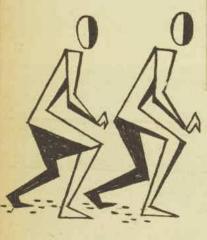
VARIATIONS

THE BOWLING STEP



DO THE BASIC twist movement, but lower your body through the knees into a "bowling" position. Then, still twisting, bring yourself erect again.

THE CHOO-CHOO TRAIN



IT'S MUCH the same as the bowling step. Dancing the basic twist, lower your body through the knees — and move your arms as a steam train; left arm forward as right hip moves back,



FACING each other, take starting position as shown in diagram below, with weight on the right foot. The woman does the exact opposite to the man. On the count of one, keeping on the balls of the feet, twist feet and hips to the left.



Face to face, twist left, then right for eight beats ...

ON THE COUNT of two, twist feet and hips to the right, keeping arms out from the body. On the count of three, twist to the left again, then to the right on four. Repeat for the eight beats of the first two bars . . .



WOMAN EXACT

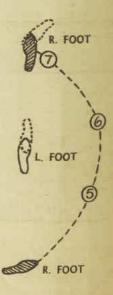


The tune is "Pop Goes the Weasel,"

IC

THE FIGHT STEP

USE FOUR twist movements to transfer weight on to the left foot. Lift right foot on five. Turn slightly left on six and place right foot forward on seven, then twist a half-turn to the left on eight. Now your right foot is to the back again, taking your weight, and your left foot is forward. Repeat. When lifting right foot on five, hold your hands in "boxing" gesture.



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TWIST

• Here (aided by Sydney dance instructor Mr. George Weiss) we show the simple basic steps for the Twist. Any 4/4 music played at fast tempo suits the dance, even "Pop Goes the Weasel" which we have used. It's easy and it's fun. Learn to do the basic movements properly first, then try the variations-or invent some of your own.

... then turn and, hip to hip, twist together, then apart for eight beats.



. THEN, on the count of eight, start to turn so that on the first beat of the new bar you are standing side by side, slightly turned towards each other.

Arms out from the body, weight maintained on the right foot.



ON THE COUNT of two, swivel hips and feet so that you turn out from each other. On three, twist in again, on four, out—repeat for the eight beats. Got it? Now practise till you can do it automatically — then try the variations.



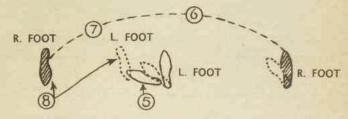
. . . Sing it as you twist.



THE BACK-SCRATCHER



WITH WEIGHT on the right foot and left foot pointing to the side, dance four basic twist movements. Transfer weight to the left foot on five, lifting right foot for six. On seven, begin turning left and step forward on the right foot. Turn left to back partner as shown in illustration in illustration.



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VARIATIONS

THE OVERSWAY AND REVERSE **OVERSWAY**



DO THE BASIC step with weight on the right foot, swaying back after four basic movements. Us e four more beats to twist erect again. For the Reverse Oversway, still use the basic move-ments, but have weight on the left foot. Sway forward after four beats, and again use four more movements to twist erect again. Both partners can sway backward or, as in illustration, one of them can sway forward.



Always in good taste...

FROSTED MINT RIPPLES

BROCKHOFF

Delightfully different . . . with a cool, refreshing taste. They're Brockhoff Frosted Mint Ripples. Famous Chocolate Ripple biscuits with a mint-flavoured frosting that's really delicious. You'll enjoy their oven-crisp texture and the unusual topping that completely captures the flavour of freshly-picked mint. Serve Frosted Mint Ripples with a long, cool drink, or any time a special kind of snack is called for. Brockhoff Frosted Mint Ripples . . . always in good taste.

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baked oven-crisp (

Buy them-loose from the tin, or in stay-fresh % lb. packets.

TV is a community affair in Nigeria

By NAN MUSGROVE

Nigeria, one of Africa's newly independent nations, has the distinction of having the world's largest viewing audience per TV set.

NIGERIA'S Minister Mr. Olu Akinfosile, said this last week when he visited Sydney during an cight-day study of Australia's telecommunications

There are only 6000 sets in the riewing area aurrounding Lagos, the capital city, but there are many more than 100,000 viewers.

"A friend of mine who lives in a village outside Lagos has

"He and his family watch it, and he has a programme of times when the whole village can come and watch.

"TV in Nigeria is very like TV in Australia. We have programmes from Britain's ercial TV in English. We have entertainment, an advertisement, then more entertainment and another advertisement, just like yours."

More than 100 Nigerian schools have been equipped with receivers, and one hour out of the five hours that TV programmes are telecast is devoted purely to educational

So far, the only Nigerian channel is owned by private emerprise, but a national TV rvice is expected to start in

Mr. Akinfosile is the first cabinet minister from any of the new African nations to visit Australia. He wore the

trousers and voluminous gown Australian Bernard O'Reilly's 9 "Crossing the Theshold," a in sky-blue poplin when he observations on mateship splendid N.B.C. documentary in sky-blue poplin when he arrived at Mascot from Canberra by R.A.A.F. plane. Only 36, Mr. Akinfosile, a

London-trained barrister,

"At home I never watch it," he said. "I really don't have time, anyway, but I allow the children of my household to watch for half an hour a day."

Mr. Akinfosile, who was accompanied by engineers and administrative officers from his department, took time during his visit to look at TV

here.
"I think you have a won-derful system here," he said.

Raymond Burr

-with orchestra

RAYMOND BURR will step out of Perry Mason's court-room soon into a sym-phony hall, to keep an ap-pointment with America's ucson Symphony Orchestra

for a recording session.

Burr is not a musical performer. He will narrate Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf," and Aaron Copland's "Lincoln

Having heard Burr last year when he appeared in person on the now defunct "Top of the Town," I bet the records will be worth buying.

On the show Burr did an astonishingly good and moving monologue, He combined

observations on mateship (from his book "Green Mountain") with George Washing-ton's speech on democracy in a segment that revealed the beauty of his voice;

SYDNEY'S first sight of the Australian challenger for the America's Cup will be telecast live from Channel 9 at the christening ceremony, scheduled for 5 p.m. on Feb-

Viewers will see the new 12netre yacht christened by Dame Pattie Menzies, wife of the Prime Minister, at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, and watch the yacht sail round Neutral Bay to show its lines - a sight yachting en-thusiasts all over the world have been eagerly awaiting.

A one-hour special on the history of the America's Cup and the step-by-step building of the challenger will be telecast from Channel 9 at 9.30 p.m. on Friday, March 2.

Great space

dacumentary

BOTH Channel 2 and Channel 9 had a bit of bad luck last week with their pro-

On the same night Channel 2 presented, live, Franz Lehar's "Land of Smiles" and Channel

covering space flights already made by man and giving a preview of the preparation for Lieut.-Colonel John Glenn's orbital flight, so often post-

"Land of Smiles" seemed so quaintly out of date against the spacemen, I used it — charming and all as it was only as a personal count-down till the rocket film

Unhappily for Channel 9, Colonel Glenn's flight was postponed again. If it had gone according to schedule, he would have blasted off soon

after the documentary ended. The documentary included the two official Russian films Gagarin's and Titov's

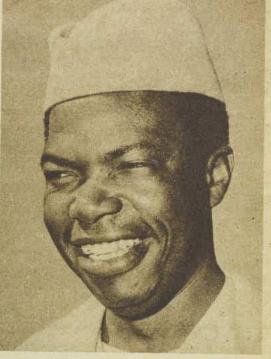
Medical tests and training by the American astronauts and the Russian cosmonauts were fascinating to see.
The conditioning for weight-

lessness in a tunnel that caused condition was amusing when you had your own feet on the ground

I loved the cat that was put in, too, and whirled round upside down trying to catch its own tail, and the neat save made by the astronauts in the tunnel when the cylinder stopped spinning so that the cat didn't land upside down.

Amusement aside, it was both absorbing and inspiring.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMME



Wearing national costume, Nigerian Minister for Communications, Mr. Olu Akinfosile, pictured during his visit to Australia to study this country's telecommunications system.

FILM REVIEWS AND GOSSIP

--- with MIRIAM FOWLER-

*** THE HUSTLER

This is an acting and photographic masterpiece, but since most of the action takes place in a pool (billiard) place in a pool (billiard) room, it may have limited appeal. The theme centres on the "take" of upstart fast-shooting player Eddie Felson (Paul Newman) by the champion pool-player Minnesota Fats (Jackie Gleason), a talented call the distribution of the player of the p victim's fair play. "Damon Runyon" pool-room habitues chill with their beady-eyed

silence. The sustained sleazy atmosphere oppresses. Regent, Sydney. In a word . . . STIFLING.

* CARTHAGE IN FLAMES

As its title suggests, this Italian-made film is well bathed in Technicolor flames. Set in the ancient, now-dead North African city of Car-thage about 200 B.C., at the moment of its final destruction by the besieging Roman legions, the film has everything from human sacrifices to gory battles on sea and land, with thousands of extras and exotic costumes and ets.-Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . FIERY.

BRITISH sensation Hayley Mills had her first "real" date during her recent stay
in New York. Hayley was
escorted by Sal Mineo to
dinner at the famous Sardi's
Restaurant — with parental
approval, of course.

LE Hussard Sur Le Toit" (The Soldier on the Roof) Iean Giono's novel about cholera epidemic in France in Napoleonic times — will be filmed by the author him-self. With Mexican director Luis Bunuel, Giono will make the picture in the South of France late this year.

A NATIVE of Puerto Rico, Rita Moreno has estab-lished a 1000-dollar scholar-ship fund for the drama department at the University of Puerto Rico. The money will help finance the education of the male or female student who shows the most outstanding acting ability.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Fashions for

autumn-winter, 1962

A six-page section showing the new wool fashions which will be available in all States for the coming season.

There are topcoats, suits, casuals, after-fives, everything.

All have been commended by the Australian Wool Bureau's panel of experts for fashion rightness, color, quality of fabric, and excellence of manufacture.

● In Teenagers' Weekly

Two more pages of these upto-the-minute wool fashions, especially designed for teenagers.

Also: A color picture of Johnny Devlin with his wife and new baby (named by a reader). And a pin-up of Lucky Starr.

Home and family

Remember the old saying "An old man's darling or a young man's slave"?

Our next mother's story, "I married a man 20 years older," gives a wise, real-life viewpoint.

Win a wedding dress

A new, romantic contest has six wedding dresses for prizes-one for the winning girl in each State. The national winner will get a free honeymoon trip to Hayman Island as well as her dress.

• SPECIAL RECORD OFFER

How to get eight recordings of original productions of famous Broadway musical shows — for little more than half price.

The records, available in either stereo or monaural pressings, are contained in a handsomely bound volume prepared by the Popular Record Club especially for our

These are records which are a MUST for all home collections.

• Full details of this attractive offer and coupon for ordering will be published next week.

THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - February 28, 1962

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Only Mortein could kill this fly . . .





THIS FLY was tough. Like billions of other flies, he was completely immune to D.D.T. To deal with the disease-carrying flies of to-day you need a spray that will slay the tough-guy flies . . . you need one that will kill the flies that laugh at ordinary sprays. You need MORTEIN PLUS.

Mortein Plus will kill ALL the flies that invade your home: and that is essential, because every fly, without exception, is a dangerous carrier of dirt and disease. You can't afford to use a spray which kills some flies and lets the "tough" ones

Mortein Plus is double-strength. It's the most effective insect spray money can buy. It kills insect pests stone dead. And they stay dead. Yet the insect-killing ingredients of Mortein Plus are guaranteed to be 100 times safer than those of commonplace D.D.T. sprays.

Swiffly and SAFELY kills Flies, Mosquitoes and all Insect Pests

. . . and IT DOES NOT STAIN.

Mortein Plus can be sprayed with.

out risk in sick-rooms, around

children's toys, in the vicinity of

milk or food. It is the SAFEST

insect spray in Australia as we

as the most EFFECTIVE.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - February 28, 1962

National Library of Australia

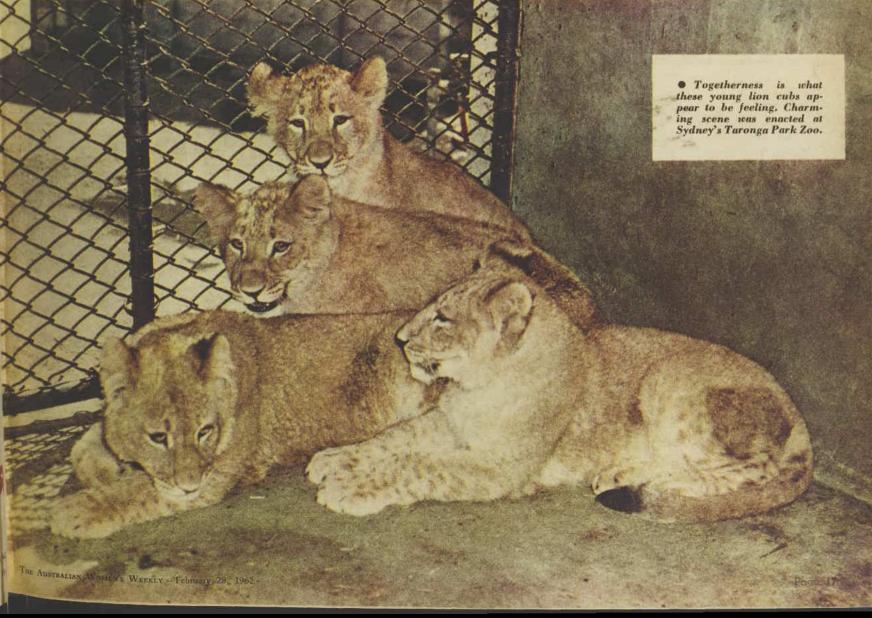
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ZOO BABIES

Here and overleaf we present a colorful selection of charming baby animals in Australian 200 settings

• Sooky, female lion cub (right), is a nature-lover, judging by her Ferdinand-like inspection of a flower bed at Adelaide Zoo, where she was born in July, The only survivor of a litter of four, Sooky was "orphaned" by her mother, Juliana, who refused to feed her after four days. Sooky's diet was then taken over by Mrs. C. Adkins, wife of the head keeper of the zoo. Her daily fare comprised 14th. of mincemeat and two pints of milk. Quick to recognise the hand that fed her, Sooky lost no time in switching her affection to Mrs. Adkins, who has already reared five tiger cubs. Mrs. Adkins was the only one who could get near the young lioness. Sooky always recognised Mrs. Adkins, and used to rub against her new-found mother like a kitten. Sooky's parents were acquired from circuses in Australia. Her father, Congo, is dead. Sooky, whose forebears once ranged over Europe and Asia but are now confined mainly to Africa and Mesopotamia, will measure about nine feet from nose to tip of tail at maturity.







• These cuddiesome calves of Highland cattle (above) are seen with a brown, shaggy-haired, long-horned mother at Melbourne Zoo. The calves were about four weeks old when the picture was taken. Originally bred in Scotland for beef, Highland cattle are kept at the zoo for their quaint looks. A strange mixture of buffalo and Texas longhorn steer, the adult's horns can sometimes spread as wide as four feet. Only Highland cattle in Australia outside zoos are thought to be owned by Mr. A. R. J. Wood, of Gilberton, South Australia, who bred the original pair for the zoo.

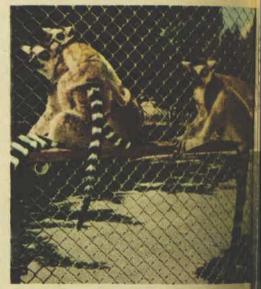
• Mother lemur (right) casts a jaundiced eye at the photographer who interrupted a frolic with her twin male babies on the patio of her Adelaide Zoo home. One of the babies, however, seems quite shy, and is content to show only his tail. Big brother (right) keeps a watchful eye out for intruders. The twins were born on September 22 last year, and the elder brother on December 15, 1960. The father of the twins is dead. Natives of Madagascar, this species of lemur have striped tails and enormous eyes. The parents, born in captivity, came from Pretoria Zoo, South Africa.

Continuing . . .

Z00 BABIES

In reply to oft-heard criticism that there is no justification for keeping animals imprisoned forever in zoos. one noted authority says some species of animals are being preserved entirely by zoos. The babies seen on these pages were all born in captivity.

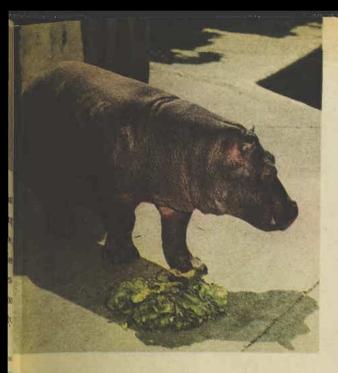
Pictures by Ernie Nutt, Vic Grimmett, Maurie Hammond



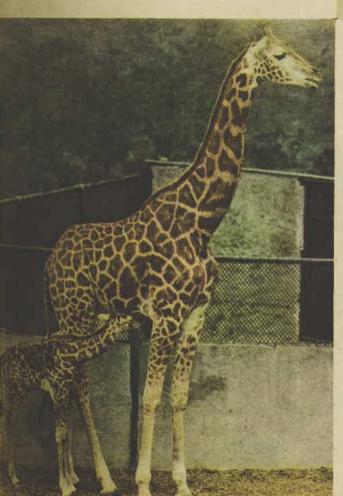
• This coyote mother at the South Perth Zoo is poised ready to defend her puppies from the prying eye of the camera. The four pups were born at the zoo last October—the only survivors of a litter of nine, which is, nevertheless, believed to be a record for the breed born in captivity. The parent

animals were acquired by the zoo two years ago, and these are their first young. Coyotes or prairie wolves are about the size of a small sheepdog when fully gown. They roam the plains of western North America, south to Costa Rica. The coyote is a modern version of the old-world jackal.





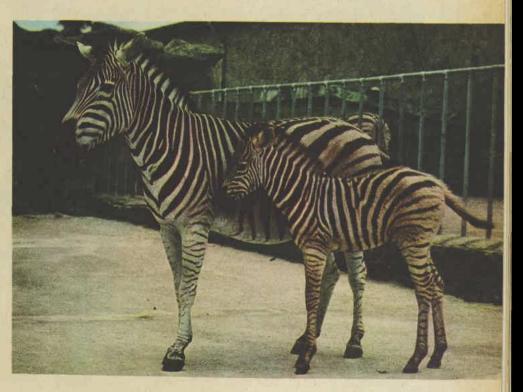
• Henrietta, Melbourne Zoo's baby hippopolamus, was orphaned at eight months when her mother died after scallowing a tennis ball. Baby hippos drink only from their mothers under water, and Henrietta refused milk from a dish. She has thrived on a milkless diet—eating mainly lettuce—and weighed 200ib, when this picture was taken. Fully grown, she will tilt the scales at more than three tons. Henrietta, whose father, Rangi, is still alive, celebrated her first birthday on February 14.



Dawn is a fown with an insatiable appetite, but mama giraffe seems to take a passive view of it. Dawn was born at Taronga Park Zoo on November 20 and weighed 24 stone. Fully grown, however, she will weigh close to three tons and stand more than 18ft. tall. The 11 giraffes at Taronga Park form the largest herd in captivity in the world. Entirely voiceless, giraffes inhabit the open country south of the Sahara Desert.



• Grizzlo is the name of the inquisitive little grizzly bear cub, above. Born on July 7 last year at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, Grizzlo weighed only a pound at birth, but by the time he is two he'll be weighing 1000lb. A single birth, Grizzlo fared well in his mother's care. A litter of three cubs born a week later, however, had to be taken away from their mother because she was likely to kill them. Grizzlies, which are found in the wilder parts of the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada of North America, exceed all other American mammals in strength and ferocity, Grizzlo will mature in about two years. Average lifespan is about 40 years.



• Candy Bar is the aptly named young zebra foal pictured with her mother. Born at Taronga Park on November 14 last year, Candy Bar weighed about 7 stone. At maturity, though, she will weigh closer to 35 stone. Barely three months old, Candy Bar already stands almost as high as her mother. Zebras usually mature within two years. Fleet of foot, they use their stripes for camouflage effect, causing them to fade into a background, particularly at night, when they mainly feed. Roaming many parts of Africa, they can sometimes be trained for riding or driving.

These tiny leaves ...

(picked from the top of the tea-bush)

...make Bushells, the finest-flavored tea

You can taste the difference because Bushells contains only fresh, juicy leaves picked from the very top of the tea-

richest in real TEA flavor. As much as seven pounds of choice, rich, young leaves are needed to make each pound of bush. These tiny leaves are Bushells...The Tea of Flavor.

HAVE YOU DISCOVERED THE FLAVOR DIFFERENCE?

Page 20

TAKE HER TO

The moment he saw her he realised she was his dream girl

VEGAS

NE evening early in May a red roadster with its top down drew up in front of Van Karaman's little shack on the beach at Malibu, and Van couldn't help noticing from the kitchen window that it was Fred Sassuni, who had something or other to do with a film studio, and with Fred was a blonde.

Well now, look at that, Van thought. Fred's gone to work and brought me a nice present from the studio. Good old Fred.

The fact is, he had run into Fred at Dudley Murphy's Holiday House only three nights ago. Dudley himself had introduced them, saving, "Writer, meet Movies." Later Dudley introduced them to Aircraft, Real Estate, Fish, and Money. Everybody got a little acquainted, and after about an hour Van drove down the road six miles to his shack. He remembered Sassuni because of the name and the nose, both unique.

Now he saw the nose at the top of the stairs, and he felt grateful to Dudley for making the introduction, because if that was a gift Fred Sassuni was bringing him, it was exactly what Van. had always wanted. If it wasn't, well, a close look would be better than nothing. Van's writing had been going badly all day, and he had finally decided at a little before seven that it was time for a cup of fresh-percolated coffee and a clear head with which to find out how to spend the night.

He was thinking of driving to Las Vegas with the unfinished story on the seat beside him, to remind him that he was driving three hundred miles to an all-night town in order to finish the story.

The way Van drove he figured he would arrive in Las Vegas around three in the morning, if he took off a little before nine, not too long after dusk. He drove steadily; that is, he didn't race. He just turned on the radio and forgot everything-just drove until he came to the crazy lights of the craziest town in the world.

Six times in two years he had made the drive when his writing had gone cold, and the drive and Las Vegas had got the writing hot again. He had finished each story in Las Vegas, he had seen the shows at the Rancho, the Thunderbird, the Desert Inn, and at other unbelievable places, and then, suddenly, at any hour, he had started driving back.

Van was 27. He had had two novels published. He had made a fortune on his second novel. He had paid cash for the shack on the beach, a wardrobe, a brand-new white roadster, enough groceries to last 10 years, most likely, especially if you are out all the time, as he did.

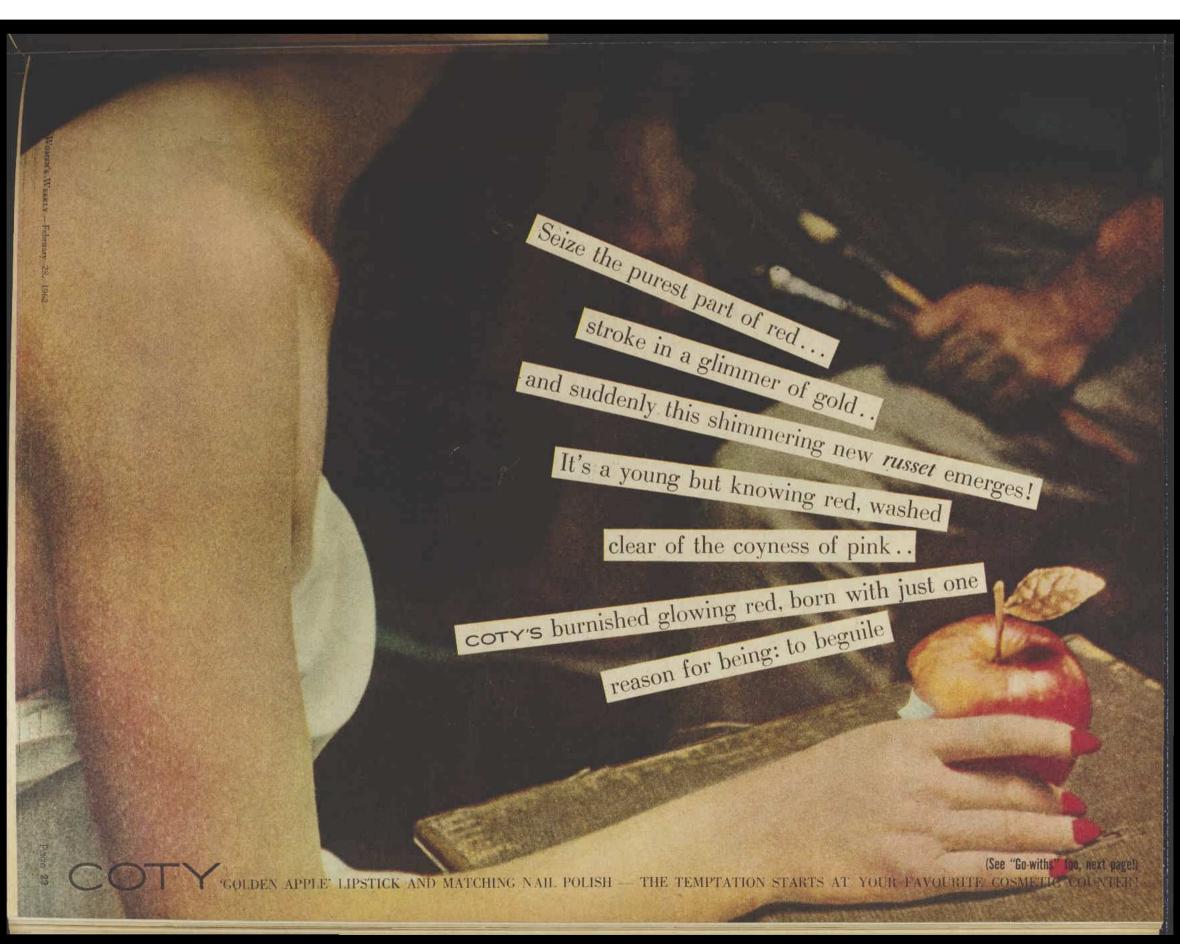
He hated writing, or at any rate liked to say he did, but he always knew he didn't mean it, because the only other jobs he had ever had were harder to do, and didn't pay as much. Labor, that

To page 61

By William Saroyan



Not since Eve a colour so provocatively! that describes innocence ilden pple $\mathbf{b}\mathbf{y}$



She now knew the fear that had haunted her was no fantasy . . . a dramatic short story

By CAMILLA R. BITTLE

HE was always asleep when it came. She couldn't remember now when it had started, but it was always the same. Long before she was fully awake the horror of it seeped into her consciousness so that when she waked she was drenched with sweat, her whole body trembling. She would reach for the light, her hand going automatically to the switch, but even when the room was filled with light the dream lingered.

Then she would turn over in bed and look at her hisband, who slept soundly all the while. He lay on his back, breathing heavily, entirely relaxed, his black hair rumpled, his beard heavy on his face.

At first when the dread had come, she waked him, plunging against him in the darkness, bringing herself back to the reality of their bedroom, feeling his long, solid body next to hers, taking deep breaths to keep pace with his so that after a while she could close out the picture and accept it for what it was—simply a nightmare.

The first time or two this happened he had roused out of sleep, growing alarmed at the violence of her reaction, but gradually he came to accept the dream, and sometimes he would mumble sleepily to her, "Having another dream, baby? Go to sleep."

She had lost track now. It had started soon after the New Year; now spring was shaking out her green skirt. When she waked, she would get slowly out of bed, cross the room to the window, and see a faint greyness in the sky. There would be a rustling in the branches of the maple tree that stood in the yard, and in the thicket beyond the stone wall she could hear the birds, their chirping a small, shrill backdrop of sound that reassured her.

To page 62

To page 62

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THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

Women everywhere are assovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE — the only fashionable stockings that support your legs! Housewives, working women, mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found blissful relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE. They look and wash like any other sheer nylons — yet their gentle pressure gives wonderful support. Try them! 42/- PAIR

* ALL NYLON * 7 PROPORTIONED FITTINGS * GUARANTEED 9 TIMES LONGER WEAR * 4 COLORS

SUPP-HOSE by HILTON

Do friends say You're the Picture of Health?

When you're aglow with health, there's a sparkle in your eyes and a radiance in your complexion that is admired by everyone.

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Unsung women

DURING my travels in Australia I can recall having seen only three or four statues of women, and of these not one was an Australian or had any direct connection with Australia. I've seen dozens of statues of Australian men. Surely this indicates to visitors that there have been no Australian women worthy of a statue. Nothing could be farther from the truth, What about Dame Mary Gilmore, Dame Enid Lyons, Dame Nellie Melba, just to mention a few?

£1/1/- to "Admirer" (name supplied), Granville, N.S.W.

Father-in-law trouble

MY husband's mother died when he was young and his MY husband's mother died when he was young and his father has dictated the family life ever since. None of them would think of doing anything without first consulting Dad, whose advice is, "You put your foot down, son. Don't let a woman rule your house or your life." But one woman has just revolted. I needed a larger fridge for our increasing family and Dad will find one installed when he arrives on his usual Sunday visit. Father-in-law trouble is far worse than mother-in-law's interference, which can be dealt with woman to woman.

£1/1/- to "Fed Up" (name supplied), Melbourne.

Out-of-date clothing gifts

AT the risk of "looking a gift horse in the mouth" I enter a plea for all private receivers of cast-off clothing a pies for all private receivers of cast-on clothing—
that donors have some regard for fashion, suitability, and
season. A beautiful overcoat was allowed to hang in a
wardrobe for three years before being given to my daughter,
who was then too tall for it. My son received school wear, which was available while he was at school, after he left. People cannot be thrilled with second-hand clothing that's hopelessly old-fashioned and generally unsuitable, £1/1/- to "Anti Moth-Motel" (name supplied), Lambton,

The Letter Page played cupid

I WONDER if any reader can claim to have met her husband through The Australian Women's Weekly?
Twenty years ago a relative wrote to the letter page saying girls should write to lonely soldiers and supplied her maiden name and address. Among the replies she received from the A.I.F. in the Middle East was one 'from a 19-year-old. As she was 50, she passed his address on to me. We corresponded for a year, met while he was passing through to New Guinea, and married a year later.

£1/1/- to "Neela" (name supplied), Maroochydore, Old.

Nicknames

WITH all the lovable nicknames one can call a child — Twinkletoes, Precious, Sugar — "Rosebud" (W.A.) asks what parents think of those who give their children ugly nicknames, such as Butch and Tiger. My son rejoices in the name of Butch, and, while I'm not particularly fond of it, it is apt. I can't think of anything sillier than calling my hump of noise and dirt "Precious."

£1/1/- to "Apt" (name supplied), Meningie, S.A.

NOT all children are called by ugly nicknames which I, too, think are terrible. Now two-and-a-half, ur son is Daddy, Mummy, and Pappa's "Little Boy" and his Gran's "Little Precious."

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. McKeig, Morley, W.A.

I'M against nicknames. I seldom hear my husbond's own pleasant name, as he has two others—one used by his relatives, the other by his friends. After 15 years

£1/1/- to "Bluey's Wife" (name supplied), Sandy

I, TOO, think it a pity not to give pretty nicknames.

My little great-grandson is called Bugsy by his parents and grandfather, and now his playmates are using the name. I'm wondering if he'll be burdened ith it right through to school age. £1/1/- to "What Then" (name supplied), Sawtell,

I CALL my four-year-old "Bulldozer" for the very good reason that he is one. But don't be disheartened, "Rosebud," I love him just as much as all the little

£1/1/- to "Realistic" (name supplied), Scarborough,

MY elderly aunt was affectionately nicknamed "Topsy" when a toddler. It's still with her at 75 and now pears undignified. £1/1/- to "Plain Jane" (name supplied), Mayfield,

oss Campbell writes

"I CAN'T stand baby talk," said Mrs. Orpington. "The diddums - hurtums - little tootsies sort of thing gets on my nerves.'

Mrs. Orpington is a brisk, sensible woman. Instead of saying to a baby: "Diddums hurtums little tootsies?" she says, "Do you feel any pain in the extremities?" Her condemnation of baby talk

made me uneasy.

While I never say "diddums," I confess that I tend to use a sub-normal kind of language when talk-

ing to babies.

I do it because that is the way babies talk to me. It seems only polite to address them in their own fashion.

Take the question of doddledoddles

Our baby calls a doll a doddledoddle. So everyone else in the house, when talking to her, does the doddle.

same.

She also refers to pictures and statues of people as doddle-doddles. When we were in town I found myself pointing to the statue of Queen Victoria and saying: "See the doddle-doddle!"

SMALL TALK

The habit has grown so strong that I alter the words of songs, producing lines like "Oh, you beautiful doddle-doddle!"

Why shouldn't we talk to babies differently from the way we talk to older people? Babies are different from older people.

Consider their strange eating habits



Our baby won't eat her breakfast unless you point to the rabbits on the plate, which are revealed as the food is consumed.

I have never had to coax an adult guest like this, saying: "Look, bere's bunny! Nice bunny!"

Another of her peculiarities is that she will not go to sleep unless

she is clutching an old blanket called

blankie."
This again is quite different from grown-up behaviour. When a woman of 30 feels sleepy she does not call loudly for "blankie." She does not walk about holding her favorite blanket against her head.

If a baby talks about "blankie" it is natural for her family to do so, too. That is why, when "blankie" was mislaid last night, I called out: "Where is that blankety blankie"

Some baby words are attractive in themselves, like "ockaloo." Our baby says this when referring to a rooster—it is something to do with "cock-a-doodle-doo." I like ockaloos; also "barlows," which are but-

I do not suggest it is a good idea to lapse into baby talk in adult discourse. Practical men will think you silly if you mention blankies or barlows in a business letter: "Dear Sir,—With reference to your consignment of Army blankies . . ."

Nevertheless, baby talk has its place in the scheme of things. Whatever scoffers like Mrs. Orpington may say, when occasion arises I shall continue to speak freely of doddle-doddles and ockaloos.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

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HOME PERMANENT SMART GIRLS Style THEIR HAIR!

Page 28



"How's it coming, dear?"



"We thought you liked music."

seems to

PPORTUNITIES for observing wildlife are scarce in the heart of the city, so that the pigeon nesting on the window-sill of our tearoom has caused an outbreak of natureloving.

I must confess I was dis-appointed in the early stages when someone reported a bird's nest containing two

From the prevailing excite-ment I had expected to see a

kookaburra or an emu. The pigeon was a bit of an anti-climax. Still, a nesting bird is a novelty in a newspaper office, and this pigeon has remark-able aplomb. (I should say "these pigeons," because mother and father took turns at sitting on the nest.)

They were unmoved by the continuous stream of sightseers, staring back with a glittering calm which explains why these were the birds chosen to figure in all those old jokes (... the pigeon that walked from Strathfield, the pigeon that boarded the train at Redfern. If you don't remember them, your

fern. If you don't remember them, your mother will).

At time of writing the young have just emerged from the shells. When the flying lessons begin there will be queues of watchers.

This tearoom is the exclusive province of girls. One of them the other day was telling the story to a male member of the staff.

"Ah," he said meanly, "a pigeon among the cats."

SURVEY of American women's A buying habits shows that in a supermarket those who shop without a pushcart spend an average of 10/-. Those using a cart spend an average of £3.

That's the kind of conclusion that makes me distrust surveys. It implies that a pushcart makes you spend money.

What it really proves is that if you have a lot to buy you use a pushcart.

THERE may be times in the future, perhaps even now, when Gary Powers, the American U2 pilot exchanged for a Russian spy, may wish himself back in that Moscow prison.

himself back in that Moscow prison.

Already some Americans are asking whether he was a worthwhile exchange.

These citizens do not bother to conceal their hostility to Powers, who, they believe, did something less than his duty.

Their view is that when his plane was shot down he should have availed himself of the opportunity to commit suicide or that, having failed to kill himself, he should not have confessed to spying.

failed to kill himself, he should not have confessed to spying.

Some of the ordinary citizens quoted as expressing these views may, for all I know, be heroes and heroines of war.

If so, they are entitled to criticise Powers. But the others—and I think it very likely that many never did anything braver than address the local Parents and Citizens—might be better advised to show a little Christian compassion.

Force issued a report last week saying that it had no evidence of flying saucers.

To be precise, it said there was no evidence that any of the 7369 Unidentified Flying Objects sighted since 1947 were "extra-terrestrial vehicles

were "extra-terrestrial vehicles under intelligent control."

Most of them have proved to be birds, astronomical phenomena, real aircraft, lights—anything but saucers full of green men from Mars.

If you remember 1947, you will remember what a great lying saucers were. These

joke the first flying saucers were, reports of strange vehicles from outer were greeted with half-credulous delight and amusement.

There were, of course, some people who said solemnly, "Bosh!" There were others who said with equal solemnity, "Why not?"

But the commonest reaction was laughter, and it is hard now to recapture that feeling

of a world-wide joke.

In those days science fiction was at the

height of its popularity.

The first satellite was yet to come.

And once it did outer space wasn't fumoy

RILM director Roberto Rossellini and actress Anna Magnani are reported to be renewing a romance which broke up in 1948 when Rossellini met Ingrid Bergman. The cause of the revived attachment is said to be toothache. Early one morning Rossellini rang Anna and said, "I have a violent toothache. Do you remember the name of our dentist?" She did.

This is the truth of love, though lightly

Shake, if you like, your pretty, shapely head.

Prattle of moonlight, walking in the rain, The wild, electric glances of your swain. "We have so much in common," so you

Of course you do, and you'll have more

some day, Like gas bills, weedy lawns, and paying

Which need not spell your disillusion-

ment. Today you share your jokes, your taste in art.

A common bond of music stirs your heart. These things may last. You stoutly say they will.

Perhaps they won't. But, if together still, Love can survive, and if it does, old thing,

Sharing a dentist will be comforting.



Third instalment of our gripping suspense serial

By URSULA CURTISS

A FEW months after PHILIP BYRNE had jilted MARGARET RUSSELL to marry her sister CORNELIA when she had received an unexpected legacy from a cousin, MISS WILMA TRUMBELL, Margaret was asked to mind their house, as Cornelia needed a holiday after being ill. It also meant looking after HILARY REVERTON, an inquisitive eight-year-old who had been staying with them.

The dark and gloomy house was trouble enough without Hilary breaking ornaments and collecting mementos of the absent owner, MRS. ISABEL FOALE. Among other things Hilary found was a photo of Philip, and Margaret realised he had lied when he said he didn't know the owner.

One day when Hilary was at the movies, Margaret was startled to see a young man trying the unlocked door. He said he was looking for Mrs. Foale, then introduced himself as JEROME KINCAID, saying he had gone to school with Margaret, but she was not sure she remembered him. Her next visitor was much more unpleasant—a small, dark-skinned, drunken man calling himself JULIO who came to wind the clock and insolently demanded payment.

Adding to Margaret's worries, Hilary became feverish with a chill and was in bed when MISS ELIZABETH HONEYMAN called for a book she had lent Mrs. Foale. During the conversation Margaret gathered Philip had stayed with Mrs. Foale after her husband's death, but Miss Honeyman had doubts that he was Mrs. Foale's cousin, as had been stated.

That night, Julio came back. Margaret, keeping the door closed, told him to go away. The next morning she found bloodstains where he had stood. Without thinking, she immediately washed them away. Frightened he might come back, she is startled by the doorbell. NOW READ ON:

S Margaret forced herself to look toward the door she relaxed slightly as she saw the shadow cast on the door

urtain was a woman's.

It was Elizabeth Honeyman with news of Mrs. Foalc.

It was Elizabeth Honeyman with news of Mrs. Foale.

Mrs. Foale had settled down abroad, at least for the time
being, and wanted any accumulated mail and her address
book forwarded as soon as possible.

Perhaps because Margaret had invoked her so often, any
actual utterance by Mrs. Foale seemed as unreal as speech
from a statue, or a flutter of wings from the beaded peafrocks on the mantel. She said after a surprised little pause,
"I don't think there's any mail except a postcard... here
it is. 1 imagine you'd know where she keeps her address
book."

"As a matter of fact, I don't. In her bedroom, I should assume," said Elizabeth Honeyman, sounding annoyed. The color in her thin carven face was high and uneven. Anger because Isabel Foale had left her "trust," irritation at doing errands, or something else? At Margaret's glance she turned tharply away, appearing to increet the crystal seaguily on the sharply away, appearing to inspect the crystal seagulls on the

tharply away, appearing to inspect the crystal seaguis on the desk for dust or cracks.

Perhaps she's going to write to people at last . . "if you wouldn't mind taking a quick look? It's green leather, and"—she gestured—"about this big."

From the things left in the closet, Mrs. Foale had apparently used the room that Hilary now occupied. Margaret went down the hall, opened the door, closed it behind her, put a warning finger to her lips as Hilary opened her mouth, and began to pull open drawers.

"What are you looking for?" demanded Hilary in a penetrating whisper.

"What are you looking for," demanded stating whisper.
"Sssh! Mrs. Foale's green address book." Too late, she realised the folly of that,
"What does she want it for?"
"Addresses," said Margaret tersely. "Sshh!"
"If she's all the way over there, why does she want addresses of people all the way over here?"
"Because she does. Hilary, are you absolutely sure you haven't seen it?"

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Hilary's look of wistful chagrin was answer enough in itself. The book was nowhere in the room, and after a second's rebellion Margaret crossed the hall into her own bedroom. She was not going to turn the house inside out for either Mrs. Foale or Miss Honeyman, but if Lena had found the address book lying about, chances were she would have put it in the top bureau drawer.

She had. Cornelia, meticulous as usual, had segregated it on one side of the drawer at the back. Margaret lifted the on one side of the drawer at the back. Margaret lifted the book out, jiggled the drawer to make it run smoothly back in, and stood absolutely still, gazing down. The jerking of the drawer had toppled Cornelia's neat stack of wedding photographs, glossy eight-by-tens from which the framed picture on the bureau top had been chosen. The one Margaret was staring at showed Cornelia and Philip just inside the door of the church, against a background of faces in the side.

the aisle.

One of the faces was Mrs. Foale's. She was looking at the camera with an expression that turned Margaret cold, although she couldn't define it.

And this was why, when she had seen the snapshot of the dark-haired woman Hilary had said was Isabel Foale, she dark-haired woman Hilary had said was Isabel Foale, she had been haunted by a faint familiarity. She must have remembered this wedding photograph. She had noticed it more than the others because Cornelia and Philip had fought about it, laughing, over a drink at her apartment shortly before they left for New Mexico. Philip was all for tearing it up; he looked like a department-store dummy, he said, and it wasn't good of Cornelia.

"But I like it," Cornelia had insisted. "You're so wonderfully wooden, and I'm the cat that ate the canary. Don't you lay a finger on it. I suppose it won't do to have framed, but it's really my favorite."

Was it the sight of Mrs. Foale that had made Philip go so rigidly expressionless?

Elizabeth Honeyman gazed critically at the address book when it was handed to her, thanked Margaret, and began

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Page 29

escaped her eye; she was open about it, moving the piano scarf a fraction straighter, sending a sharp glance at the pearocks. She said to Margaret with her little twitch of a smile, "Did your woman eyer call again?"

your woman ever call again?"

Margaret had been half-prepared.
"Mrs. Withers. Yes, and she seemed quite disappointed."

"Oh? I still think she's mistaken," said Miss Honeyman very levelly, "in thinking Isabel had a cousin so like her." She paused at the door curtain, drawing her head back a little to peer at the white folds. "You don't allow your cleaning woman to do this up, do you?"

Margaret would not have decayed.

Margaret would not have dreamed said Margaret of burdening Lena with it. "No. It crossed

"Hadley's mother did the lacework at the sides," said Miss Honeyman, putting out an infinitely delicate finger

HOURS TO KILL Continuing . . .

and thumb to what Margaret would otherwise have thought was general wear and tear. She was quite serious, and very fretful. "I told Isabel that these ought to be taken down and put away and something else used instead. Perhaps

Her bothered glance was too proud to be inquiring; it seemed to lay a directive on Margaret. Take the cur-tains down, have them exquisitely laundered, fold them tenderly away

from page 29

shake, "Well, it's doing something

shake, "Well, it's doing something to you."

Sympathy would undermine her completely; so would the childish conviction that if she told Jerome Kincaid about the blood on the porch he could somehow make everything all right; that if she told him about Philip and Mrs. Foale he could dissolve that nightmare, too.

solve that nightmare, too.

She didn't dare, but fatigue and tension constricted her throat so that she had to turn away and pick up a cigarette before she could say, "I'm tired, I guess. I was up in the night with Hilary."

He was still looking at her clinically. "Have you a drink in the house?"

, in the pantry," said Mar-

garet, and retired to the library to collect herself. This would never do.

She might involve herself with the police so that she would be detained here; she might destroy Cornelia's and Philip's marriage at a stroke. Fiercely she picked up the newspaper, brought in off the lawn by either Miss Honyeman or Kincaid; she would distract herself briefly with that.

But she didn't. The word "Fatallites" at the bottom of the front page caught her eye. It was the toll of weekend victims in New Mexico, and she followed it tensely to page three.

Antonia Sanchez, of Alamosa, dead when her car collided with another on Highway 66. Andrew Begay, of Namble Pueblo, dead when his pick-up truck overturned near Pojoaque, Julio Garcia, this city, killed by a hit-and-run driver on San Rafael Road. A bullet had been recovered from Garcia's shoulder; police were investigating.

This was San Rafael Road, but she couldn't be sure that Julio Garcia was—had been—the snake-like man in the big-brimmed hat. The man who had referred to himself as Julio. Yes, she could. The blood on the porch, from a bullet wound, and the sound she had thought so comforting after he had left, the hum of a car.

SAN RAFAEL wasn't long; it was a quiet residential area between another road from which it branched off at the bottom and a highway it joined at the top. Hit-and-run victims must be very scarce on San Rafael, especially hit-and-run victims with the same first name.

How badly you must want a man dead to try first with a gun, then lie in wait with a car to finish the job. And how ticklish for his killer when he survived the bullet and wove his way to sanctuary, where he might easily, probably would, name his assailant.

But Margaret hadn't let Julio Garcia

name his assailant.

But Margaret hadn't let Julio Garcia in, had held the lock against him.

She didn't know that she had put her hands to her face until Kincaid's voice, sounding as though it came from some distance away, said gently, "What goes on here?"

goes on here?"

He had secrets of his own where Mrs.
Foal- was concerned, and no intention
of divulging them; remember that Mrrgaret took the drink he handed her, and
even the iciness of the glass was steady-

even the iciness of the glass was steadying.

"It's this house, I think." She managed a very minor smile. "It's not the most cheeful place in the world at best, and now with Hilary sick, too..."

Kincaid nodded, glancing around him and then back at her face. "Your sister and her husband still haven't called?"

Margaret shook her head.

"It isn't my business, I suppose, said Kincaid, bending a look of severity on his own drink, "but feeling the way you look as though you feel, couldn't you get in touch with them and have them come back?"

How sharply inquiring his lifted glance

come back?"

How sharply inquiring his lifted slance was. Could this be pure solicitude? Margaret thought, finding the source of her own haunting worry as exactly as if she had touched a bad bruss. "Juan't. I haven't the faintest idea where they are."

as if she had touched a bad pruse, can't. I haven't the faintest idea where they are."

He received that with a short incredulous silence. "You mean they just—drove away in the other direction?"

"That was the point," said Margaret, defensive in spite of herself. "They didn't want to be bound by a lot of schedules and reservations, and they did have one of those marked tour books with them, and it isn't the tourist seson yet, so they wouldn't have any trouble finding places to stay."

"I see," said Kincaid. He sousded curious. "And what were you going to do if you fell and broke your hip."

"I was going to be very careful not to, I suppose."

"Man proposes," Kincaid said sententiously, and got up and walked to the windows, where he stood contemplants the greening lawn. "They must have had some general idea of where they wanted to go, or did they?"

"Roughly, toward the coast, I think. Cornelia wanted some swimming."

"Well, that narrows it down. "He turned to her, smiling, aware of the precise second in which Margaret had begun to resemt being catechised. "You're very polite not to tell me to mind my own business. It's only that you look as though you couldn't take much more. Anything I can do for you before i go? Look at the furnace?"

Margaret gasped, in her single-minded fear the might before she

To page 52

Mrs Foale's belongings so docilely. But Miss Honeyman would hardly risk such a lie (would she?), and, in any case, an address book was merely that, and a posteard was open for all the world to see. Why, then, this sharp feeling of worry, as though she had forgotten something important or made some drastic error? Nerves.

laundered, fold them tenderly away in tissue.

"Wait, you're forgetting the book," said Margaret.

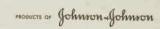
It crossed her mind, when the other woman had left, that as she was only visiting here perhaps she ought to have seen some sort of written authorisation before she turned over

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Page 30



Barbie could turn a simple task such as cooking a meal into complete chaos , an amusing short short storu

RY MARY ELLIOTT

ARBIE, my wife of exactly five months, two weeks and four days, said, "Your mother will hate me!"

She peered bitterly into the brown, evil-smelling mess adhering to the bottom of the saucepan that had started out as crisp green spring cabbage.

There was a dab of flour on her small nose, and a sticky

plaster of raspberry jam over her left eyebrow.

She cast tragic dark eyes round our little newlyweds' kitchen. "Is this the kind of woman who's going to look after my son for the rest of his life?' she'll say. 'A girl who can't ven cook a little cabbage and lamb chops and make a rasp

even cook a little cabbage and lamb chops and make a rasp-berry tart!"

"Mother won't say a thing," I said.

"I just know the kind of person your mother is. The eat-off-the-kitchen-floor, three-good-meals-a-day, I-always-wash-on-Mondays school. She'll probably bring a little black notebook and give me marks. And I know what I'll get. None out of ten. I'm hopeless at housekeeping, and I want

None out of the I in hoperess at housekeeping, and I want to be so-o-o perfect!"

Her voice wobbled ominously, and it suddenly flashed through my mind that I'd never seen her cry.

"Barbie!" I cried aghast. "Darling!"

She snorted derisively into my shoulder. "Tell me the truth Your mother's pretty nearly perfect—in that way,

isn't she?"

"Well—" I said uneasily.

"I knew it," Barbie quavered. "She'd never live out of tins. She'd never let the dust pile up. She could cook this dinner with one hand, standing on her head."

"Barbie," I said desperately. "I love you, I——"
"And you love your mother, too," Barbie said. "Naturally
You've told me all she sacrificed for you after your father
died. You're very close. That's why I wanted her to—to like me. To approve of me."



The very imperfect wife

So do I, I thought grimly. I wanted these two women whom I loved to love each other. And now—

The fact remained that ever since mother had at last accepted our pressing invitation to visit us, Barbie had proceeded to develop an inferiority complex.

For mother's first meal with us I had managed to steer her from Chinese chicken with walnuts and pineapple and avacado tossed salad to the more mundane but rather simpler lamb choice spring cabbages and mint sauce with raspberry.

avacado tossed salad to the more mundane but rather simpler lamb chops, spring cabbage, and mint sauce, with raspberry lart and whipped cream to follow.

And now the kiss of death seemed to have descended even on this. Not that mother would mind. At least, not for herself. But for me? Would she really let a little burned cabbage and charred meat blur her eyes to Barbie's cheerful, gay, essential goodness, as Barbie had so ominously prophesied?

gay, essential goodness, as Barbie had so unimized prophesied?

"Oh, heavens," I groaned softly to myself, "Women!"

"You're wishing you'd never married me!" Barbie accused, "Well, now's your chance. All you've got to do is to take the next train home with your mother. Then—"It was at this precise moment that mother's taxi drew up. "We'll eat out!" I hissed over my shoulder as I rushed to meet her.

"We will not!" Barbie hissed fiercely back, "We'll eat what I've cooked right here."

"We will not!" Barbie hissed fiercely back, what I've cooked right here."

I can't remember too clearly exactly what happened next. They say you forget what you want to forget, and certainly I wanted to banish as quickly as possible from my mind the sight of Barbie, rumpled and tear-stained, greeting mother. Then, when after the ruined first course she brought the granite-hard jam tart to the table, something seemed to snap. "I'm afraid my cooking isn't quite up to your standard, "I'm afraid my cooking isn't quite up to your standard,
Mrs. McInnes," she said, dumping it down. "That's why
Andy—why—Andy—"

Mrs. McInnes," she said, dumping is an advanced the door.

Andy—why—Andy—"
She fled wildly to the bedroom and slammed the door.
"Mother," I said, "Barbie isn't a bit like this really. She's she's a wonderful girl. It's just that she has got this idea into her head how good you are at housekeeping, and shewell, she's young and—and inexperienced, and it makes her leel kind of inferior."

"I brow. Andy boy," mother said. She sighed. "And

"I know, Andy boy," mother said. She sighed. "And did so want her to like me."
"She wants to like you, too, mother," I said. "She just said so herself. Mother, can't you do something?"

THE ADSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

"I don't know," mother said. Then she caught my eye and read the anxiety on my face. "But I'll try," she said, moving toward the door through which Barbie had fled.

I paced the room, nervous as an expectant father, waiting for the explosion. But it never came. First there was the quiet murmur of mother's voice, and then occasionally came Barbie's: Then incredibly a sound that would have made me doubt the evidence of my own senses if I hadn't heard it so often.

Barbie was actually laughing. I rushed into the bedroom. There she was, sitting on the bed, with tears of laughter coursing down her cheeks.

"What are you two girls up to?" I asked.

"Oh," Barbie said, "Oh!" She wiped her eyes and tried again. "Mother's just telling me—"

She gave it up, drenched with laughter.

Mother, she'd said, not your mother. Just mother.
"Oh," Mother said. "I've just been telling Barbie what happened when I first tried to cook an egg when I was just married."

"She didn't realise you had to put water in the saucepan,"
Barbie explained gleefully. "Oh, I'm afraid she has been
deceiving you, darling. Your father wrote his name on the
top of the piano every day for a week before Mother
caught on to the idea that it had to be dusted. Why, she
was even worse than me."

was even worse than me."

"Of course," Mother said demurely, "that was an awful long time ago. I've improved since then."

I looked her squarely back. "Yes," I said. "Of course," I sat down between these two women I loved best in the world. First I kissed Barbie, and then I kissed mother. "You old fraud!" I said.

"Isn't she?" Barbie said tenderly, and she kissed her, too. "She is," I agreed.

Though I don't think we quite meant the same thing. Not that I minded, considering the result.

Not that I minded, considering the result.

The only thing I did fleetingly regret was that now I'd never be able proudly to tell my children, as my father had told me when I was a small boy, that their grandmother, before she married, had been a cordon bleu cook with a first-class diploma in domestic science.







'Love-Pat'...the complete compact make-up that won't cake, streak, or turn orange-y!

Only 'Love-Pat' with its exclusive creamy foundation guards against dry skin as it gives this flawless look. In a complete range of flattering complexion tones. Beautifully presented in 'tortoisetone' and the new goldtone 'Petite' compact.

'LOVE-PAT' by Revlon

S BEST-SELLERS FOR AUTUR

• Here, autumn fashion takes new shape in a trio of daytime silhouettes. The line is closer to the body. the look casual and effortless. But don't be fooled. Effortless, translated into fashion language, means attention to fit and detail, and the absolute rightness of fabric, color, and accessories. Hats, too, are shapely. Their thick bulky lines, in fur or dress fabric, lend strength to the silhouette. In direct contrast to the bulky hat is Dior's baby cap. Nine times out of ten it's made in leopard.

-BETTY KEEP

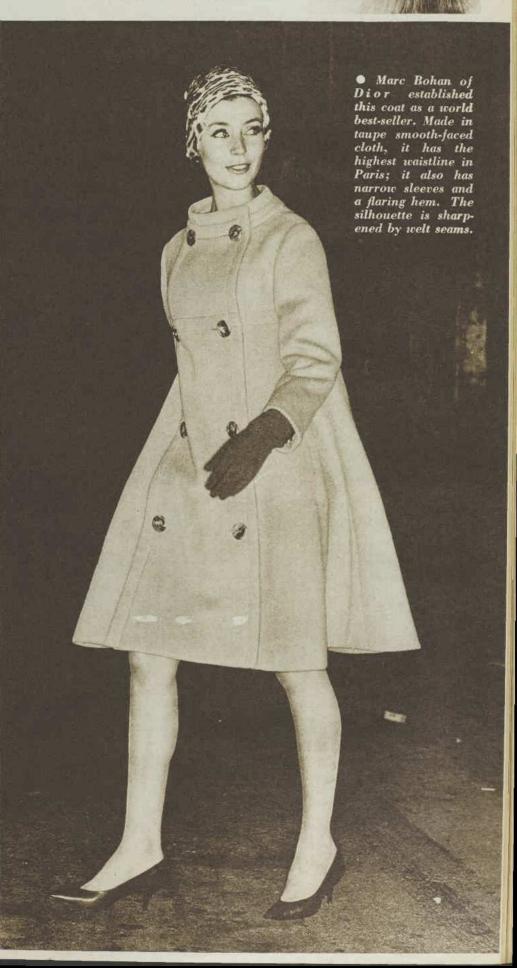
• The suit of the season (below), made in black-and-white tweed, is muffled at the neckline with a fringe stole and worn with a boy's cap trimmed with a sprig of lily of the valley. The double-breasted jacket is lean and figure-following. The kneelength skirt flares, but is flat in front. Shoes and gloves are in sooty-black suede.



skirt ending in a flip of a flare at the hemline are more news. Continued overleaf THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY February 28, 1962

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• The Paris Couture all manipulate fur with lavishness. At right, Pierre Cardin chooses blond fur to trim a helmet-type hat and tailored coat.





the look discerning women are known for...

Composed. Confident. Always assured by the fit of their lovingly tailored clothes. By the exclusive cloths — for Sportscraft never uses ordinary fabrics. This is the look — in the Sportscraft duo here. The discerning woman — a perfectionist 'Terylene'/Wool co-ord. See it, in superb Classweave fabrics, at specialist stores now.



CLASSENE a Classweave fabric 55% TERYLENE 45% WOOL

Shoes by p.b. Page 34

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 28, 1962

ers WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

JUDY STONE, COL JOYE-"Bandstand" poll winners

Teenagers aren't busy enough

THE way I see it, things today are in such a mess that teens shouldn't have time to complain. Australian teens aren't nearly as active in social welfare and such organisations as are their fellow teenagers in America. I think we Australian teens should make resolutions to do something to ease inter-national tension and to help underprivileged peoples. This would be a wonderful cure for the boredom many teens com-plain about and help make adults realise that we all aren't silly and frivolous. - Advienne Cameron, Kangaroo Point, Qld.

Rubbish sold

WITH the emphasis on the education of children regarding the correct diet for den tal care, why do school tuck-shops peraist in stocking their shelves with goods offering temp-tation to children to waste their money on the very things which are so bad for their teeth? Fresh fruit, dried fruit, and nuts offer excellent and healthy snacks.—
"Health Fan," Strathfield,
N.S.W.

Study now . . .

IF you want to do well this year at school you will have to start studying right from the beginning. Every night when you finish your homework go through the things you have been taught during the day and make sure you know and under-stand it all. This does not take very long. If you don't under-stand something ask your teacher. They are humans, you know, and have once been teen-agers themselves. If you do this there are no notes barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Con-tributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be re-turned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

regularly you will be surprised how casy the exams are when they come along. - "Sch teacher," Roseville, N.S.W. "School-

.. and shop now

HAS anybody started her Christmas shopping for 1962 yet? Here is an idea to relieve the Christmas rush. With a few shillings left over each a few shillings left over each week buy a small gift. Lovely gifts can be bought at bargain sales and put away till Christmas. By Christmas you will be surprised by the shopping you have already accomplished.—
"Early Shapper," Bexley North, N.S.W.

Food for thought

WE hear about latest fashions from Paris and London and crazy dances from America, but why doesn't someone think up a new food sensation for 1962? -Wendy Lewis, Mt. Hewart,

Old-fashioned

I AM wishing for the days when girls wore dresses like Scarlett O'Hara; the days when houses were big and grand; when one carried a dainty parasol; when one rode in a buggy; when father was indeed the her when father was indeed the head of the family and grandmother had long white hair piled up high.—Louise Moore, Turramurra, N.S.W.



RENEE GRABBE . . . idea in decor.

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Gilt complex

GOLD shoes and gold even-ing bags look terrific at parties and dances but they are so much more expensive ordinary leather accessories. Recently I tried painting a pair of white leather shoes gold. The result was extremely successful. I've also painted an old pair of thongs and I intend to draw some crazy gold patterns all over my beach-hat. It's great fun, very easy, and so inexpen-sive. Try it.—Sue Palmer, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

No strain

BEAUTIFUL music is an intangible blessing. It pro-vokes quiet and intelligent thoughts and often the strains bring back both sad and happy memories. I, too, thrill to the strong beat of modern music, but there are times when I must escape from this fast-moving world and seek peace in the music of the old masters.—Isabel Jackson, Hampton, Vic.

Next week

YES, sir, that's Johnny
Devlin's baby — on
the cover next week in
color. Inside, there's the
story of how a reader
helped choose the baby's
name. ALSO in color
are two pages of wonderful
wool fashions, AND there's
an investigation of a very an investigation of a very important teenager-parent problem. Lucky Starr's the pin-up.

Idea in decor . . .

IN our modern home we have not used bright paints but instead have polished cypress pine weatherboards and Aus-tralian aboriginal-inspired trimtralian aboriginal-inspired trim-mings. For example, on the gar-age doors we have aboriginal motifs and a trellis of boomer-angs beside which I am stand-ing in the photo. My mother designed and painted these unique decorations. — Renee Grabbe, West Bundaberg, Qld.

. and dressmaking

HERE are a few simple and money-saving hints for girls who have left school and do not know what to do with old

school uniforms.

1. Cotton dress uniforms:
Make shorts and/or matching top and trim with contrasting 2. Winter tunic: If it has box

2. Winter tunic: It it has box pleats make a pleated winter skirt. If it has not enough mat-erial, make a straight skirt with a pleat at the back.

3. Blazer: Make into a riding-coat by splitting the back up about 8 inches or make a bermuda jacket by trimming with braid and sewing on silver but-tons.—Diana Marsden, Terry Hills, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



"Like I think I'm suffering from insomnia or some man - I can't sleep in the daytime."

Housework hint

JUST recently when I was doing the dishes I decided to doing the dishes I decided to play some fast records on the radiogram and by keeping time with the music I had finished the washing and wiping in no time at all. I put on some more records while I did the rest of the house, and I enjoyed working!—Rhonda Inesidder, East Preston, Vic.

Cool idea

MAKE this drink on a hot summer day: Add a scoop of ice-cream to a glass of lem-onade; sprinkle coconut over the mound of ice-cream; add mound of ice-cream; add squares of orange and ice-cubes. Joan Sturges, Rosetta, Tas.

Hose hint

HERE is a tip to all those girls who are always wanting to wash stockings at the last minute: Wash and rinse stockings as usual, squeezing out all the excess water, then get a thick, fluffy bath towel and rub well for about three or four minutes. Then they are ready to wear.— Renate Drapiewski, Frenchs Forest, N.S.W.

Unhappy brides

SEVERAL girls I know who have married at early ages had each only met one boy. Now, he may be a good boy in many ways, but after a couple of years of marriage the young wife can meet another boy of whom she becomes very fond.

She will then probably regret her marriage. If she had been a wise girl she would have left marriage until she had met a few more boys.—"Wise," Ascot W. J. Wise."

Mother's help

I AM 15 years and two months old and recently my mother had her sixth child. I am manhad her sixth child. I am managing the home, which includes looking after the children, cooking for five, washing, ironing, and ordering what I think we will need for one week. We own a fruit block and have not quite finished, our howest which finished our harvest, which means extra work for me, as I have to help, too. Although I get terribly tired, I n thoroughly enjoying myself,

and this experience of being "chief cook and bottle washer" has helped me to realize how much work Mum has to do.—
"Bottle Washer," Cadell, River Murray, S.A.

Worth quoting

THIS quotation is out of an old newspaper. I don't know who wrote it, but readers might find it interesting:

"If you want to make a cake that's really good to eat-

You've got to measure quanti-ties; it mustn't be too sweet. The right amount of sugar and

the right amount of spice-The right amount of fruit and flour—to make it nice.

A little tact, a bit of courage, and a dream or two; More than a pinch of humor— and a balanced point of view;

A lot of smiles and heaps of hope, and much warm sym-

pathy, A little dash of madness to re-

lieve the sanity.

Add prudence, faith, and patience, don't forget the diligence; A measure of humility and lots

of commonsense, And don't be niggling with your love—put in all you possess—

Then mix it and you ought to have a life of happiness." - Sue Chawner, Trayning, W.A.

OUR COVER PIN-UPS

STAR singers Col Jore and Judy Stone won the coveted 1961 awards for best male performer and best female performer on "Bandstand," TVs on "Bandstand," outstanding teenage als More than 100,000 were received in the otest, and Col and Jupolled way out in front all others. The other "Bandstand" awards, "Bandstand" awards,
the best Australian reand the best Austra
composition of 1961,
to The Joy Boys
"Smoky Mokes"
Johnny Devlin for "G
Looking Boy."

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - February 28, 1962

London's latest hairstyle



• Here are the best four versions of a pretty new hairstyle that is a big success in London, It's called the "turn-boy" and can be adapted for teenagers and adults alike.

"Turn-boy" style with a centre part and the forelock winged at sides. This style must be on rollers.

• The new style is sleek and simple. Here the side-brushed fringe is highlighted with a tiny party bow.



From Patricia O'Connell, in London.

LONDON girls are holding their heads high these days—all the better to show off their sleek and classical hairdos. Launched by Alan Spiers, whose salon looks out on Berkeley Square, the 1962 look is called the "turn-boy," as it's the reverse of the old-time pageboy, the hair flicking up at the nape of the neck, not under.

And London is leading the way—in Paris the girls are still faithful copies of La Bardot or sporting skyscraping bechives. In Rome, the bingle bob (fine for summer) is still favorite in the depth of winter. And in New York, of course, you see Jackie Kennedy's hairdo on literally every second girl

The beauty of the "turn-boy" look and the reason for its instant success in London is the way it can be adapted to suit every type and every face between the ages of 13 and 30.

It is essentially a young style—but not babyish. The hair is five or six inches long (or even

longer on the just-teenagers) and can easily be dressed high for an elegant evening occasion. ("Tiaras just don't go with long hair," explained Mr. Spiers.)

Mr. Spiers.)

The crown is sleek, forming a simple, classical line, with a wide wave on the side, flicking up at the back in a half-moon.

The forelock is cut to three or four inches, and this is utilised to suit the particular face and features—to disguise a high, bumpy forehead with a side-fringe, or puffed high to give height.

If the client has regular, delicate features, the hair may be parted in the centre and combed in wings over the side of her forehead.

wings over the side of her forehead.

Mr. Spiers predicts that low, exaggerated side-partings will catch on this year—"the pendulum is swinging back," he says. "We've been without

partings for a long, long time.

"The look now is for non-agonised hair. It must be simple and smooth. Back-combing is out. We cannot have hair tortured into strange heights and

And is there a man in the world who wouldn't agree with him?

For women who want more chic in their hair-styles, Spiers has designed the tulip line. Here the hair is quite short all over, combed higher on the crown, yet still sleek to the head shape. This style can add a cocktail bow with great effect.

"Bows are madly IN," says Mr. Spiers; "not drooping bows, definitely no Alice bands, but really angry bows."

The young girl with her "turn-boy" style can have her bowed variation of the tulip line, too (see picture below, right). The hair is curled and piled high, to be pinned with a crazy beetle-bow dead centre.

Here's how you can try the "turn-boy" look yourself: All the hair is wound on thick rollers, taken back from the forehead on a slight angle. Hair on the nape is also wound at an angle to give the wave and flick-up when brushed.

The brushing out is all important. Experiment with the line that suits you best, then gently curve the hair in that direction with the brush.

By the way, Mr. Spiers recommends beer as the best setting lotion (except for very dry hair).

• Evening version of the "turn-boy" style. The hair is sleeked over the ears then piled high and caught with one of the creator's eye-catching cocktail bows.



The tulip line. Hair is short all Hair is short all over the head, combed high to give height, but still giving a sleek effect. The cocktail bow of stiffened net is most popular.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 28, 1962

Teenagers' Weekly - Page 3

 These pretty girls with bouffant hairstyles, trim figures, and discreet make-up are members of clubs usually thought of as "men only," and they parachute . . .

Way, way down in

By JANE COOPER

space

• Three young South Australians, two of them still at school, who are as much at home in the air as they are on land, have several aerial "firsts" to their credit.

THEY are Carolyn Shaughnessy, aged 17, believed to be the youngest girl to parachute-jump in Australia, Christine Henderson, just 16, claimed to be the youngest girl in Australia to fly solo, and her sister Katheryn, fly solo, and her sister Katheryn, 21, the first girl to give a dem-onstration of parachute-jumping in South Australia.

in South Australia.

All three fly regularly from Parafield Aerodrome, near Adelaide, and are keen members of the South Australian Parachute Club and the Royal Aero Club of South Australia.

Carolyn-better known as Lyn—Shaughnessy is a pretty blond schoolgirl with a wide, friendly grin. She is in her fourth year at Woodlands Girls' School, Adelaide

Lyn first became interested in parachute-jumping after watching her uncle give demonstra-

She joined the Parachute
Club some months ago, but
since she was under the minimum parachuting age of 17 she
spent the intervening time in
preliminary training.

She made her first jump at

The parachute-training course is a hard one. First there is a great deal of physical train-

a great deal of physical training and exercises.

Then members are taught how to do ground body rolls to lessen the jar of impact on landing. There are six different rolls. Pupils are taught them by taking running leaps from a ramp five feet high.

Pupils, are also taught flight



CHRISTINE HENDERSON, believed to be the youngest girl to fly solo in Australia, leaves the controls of a plane. Just 16, the minimum age to apply far a pilot's licence, she is in fourth year at school.

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YOUNG MEMBER of the South Australian Parachute Club Katheryn Henderson (right) adjusts the harness of fellow member Carolyn Shaughnessy.

control and emergency jump-ing drill, how to manage and manoeuvre their parachutes, and also the theory of flight— the effect of wind currents on the body when falling from aircraft.

To date, Lyn has made only three jumps from a height of 1500 feet. To be a qualified parachutist 15 jumps are neces-

The young South Australians all wish there was Government financial aid, as in some over-seas countries, for flying and jumping training.

When Lyn told me the cost of parachuting I understood why.
A jumper needs:

- · A white boiler-suit (called a coverall), £4.
- Helmet, £12.
- Parachute boots, £5.
- Training and membership of
- Cost per jump, for the air-craft, £1/15/-.

"And these are only minimum' figures," said Lyn.

"If you are really keen, you can also buy your own para-chute. They start at about £52 secondhand."

Katheryn Henderson has her which, she says, is one of the best. Sent to her by American B4, which, she says, is one of the best. Sent to her by American friends, it is very smart, with orange and white stripes. Lyn uses the ex-army parachutes of the club.

"No, I wasn't at all nervous," said Lyn when asked her reac-tion to her first jump, "just ap-

prehensive. It is a simply marvellons feeling.

"Frankly, I was far more nervous at the thought of this interview than I was at jumping children—are lucky to have a mother who understands their love of flying and parachuting.

"I couldn't very well try to stop them," Mrs. Hendesson 1500 feet."
Sisters Christine and Kath-

eryn Henderson became inter-ested in flying and parachute-jumping when they were abroad with their parents last year,

"The clubs overseas are so well run — and for free—that we couldn't wait to return home and start here," they said.

Flying holidays

Christine, a pretty, self-pos-sessed brunette, did as much flying as possible during the long Christmas holidays. Accompanied by her alsatian,

Rajah, her mascot, she spent whole days at Parafield before returning to Cabra Convent, Adelaide, to finish her school-ing. She is in fourth year.

Adelaide, to finish her schooling. She is in fourth year.

The minimum flying time for a pilot's licence is between 40 and 50 hours, and the cost is correspondingly high — £275.

The ice was well broken for the two Hendersons, as their father was in the R.A.A.F. during World Way II and their

ing Woold War II, and their elder brother, John, has been flying for some time. Katheryn and Christine Henderson — two of eight

"I couldn't very well try to stop them," Mrs. Henderson said, smiling ruefully. "I have always tried to make my family self-reliant. Perhaps a little too much so — at least that is what I thought when I saw Katheryn's first demonstration." Katheryn petite and bru-

Katheryn, petite and bru-nette, has just completed her first year of nursing at the Royal Adelaide Hospital. In time, she would like to join some branch of the Ser-vices where she could use both

nursing and parachute

"Overseas, all the forces seem to have a specially trained nursing service for rescue work," Katheryn said.

Katheryn said.

She has been jumping for more than three months, and gave her first exhibition at Port Lincoln during the Tunarama Festival, when she made jumps from 2500 and 3000 feet.

There are about 50 members of the Parachute Club in South Australia — with only five girls who jump regularly.

"Some people possibly think we do it for the kicks," said Lyn Shaughnessy, "It ian't that at all. It is most exciting and perfectly safe. We all with more girls would join us they're missing a lot."

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The International Debutantes' Ball, one of America's most glamorous social events, was held recently in New York at the plush Astor Hotel.

The pictures on this page show some of the debutantes—Jane Ormsby Gore, daughter of the British Ambassador to the United States, Annalina Fenoaltea, daughter of the Italian Ambassador, Diane Dow Buchanan, and Sophia Charlotta, Princess zu Stolberg—Stolberg—and the gowns they chose.

ROMANTIC gown worn by Jane is of coinspot tulle with full sleeves caught above the elbow, deep scooped neckline, tucked bodice, and billowing skirt. Cadets from the famous West Point Military Academy surround her.

INTERNATIONAL DEBS' GOWNS







STRAPLESS satin frock worn by Annalina has a gently belled skirt with a deep hemline embroidered with crystals and pearls. Note the long gloves.

CRYSTALS and pearls were embroidered heavily on Diane's strapless silk organza gown. Diane was voted the American "Debutante of the Year."

ELEGANT brocade dress worn by Sophia has a wide scooped neckline, tiny sleeves, and deeply pleated swirling skirt with a wide panel at the front.

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Teenagers' Weekly - Page 5

YOUNG MAN BUILT HIS OWN RACING CAR

By MILDRED EDEN

 Boys, if you can't afford to buy the car on which you've set your heart - then make it yourself!

THIS was the simple remedy adopted by Tim Harlock, of Toowong, a suburb of Brisbane, who now drives a sporty little model round town and round the racetrack.

Admittedly, not everyone could solve the Admittedly, not everyone could solve the problem as easily as 25-year-old Tim did—he is a University of Queensland graduate in Mechanical Engineering. But from the way he described its construction, I felt even I could go home and rustle up a little two-seater in next to no time!

Tim hastened to assure me that though it took 10 minutes to describe, it took just over four years to build and develop. He was barely out of his teens when he began it.

"I was always mechanically inclined," Tim said, "but beyond toying with a metal building set and making model aeroplanes, I had never before tackled anything of this magnitude."

Car racing became Tim's main interest while he was still at school.

"I saw my first race about 10 years ago in England, where we lived while my father, a

England, where we lived while my father, a soldier, was stationed over there. It was at Boreham Wood, but I don't even remember who was racing at the time. I did not become a real enthusiast until later."

real enthusiast until later."

Determined to race one day himself, but finding he could not afford the car he wanted, Tim began the slow planning of his own model. "I had lots of help with this, of course," Tim explained. "I'd learnt the basic theory in engineering, but all the practical knowledge came from friends with years of racing experience.

"Wal Anderson, who is a retired racing driver, was a fund of information, and my friend Keith Turner worked with me on the construction. Incidentally, we have built two cars now, one

Scrounged for parts

Poring over designs took 18 months before they were satisfied, and it was practically a full-time job. Tim plays squash and occasionally golf, but almost every other waking minute he was in, under, or watching cars.

The real business began when the plans were ready. "Keith and I sat down, surrounded by piles of steel tubing, and started putting the pieces together." That, in lay language, described the building of the chassis.

"We bought and scrounged for the parts and the result is quite an assortment—gear-box from

"We bought and scrounged for the parts and the result is quite an assortment—gear-box from one type of car, rear axle from another. When the engine and accessories were fitted, we set to work on the body. The nose is of fibre-glass, which is very light and strong, and remarkably easy to mould. The rest of the body is of aluminium."

Three years of drilling, fitting, welding, and hammering later, the model was complete. "All I remember of that big day," said Tim, "is everybody standing in the garage to admire the car—and very proud grins on all our faces."

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The admirers include Tim's father and mother,

Major-General and Mrs. Hugh Harlock, and his 22-year-old sister, Rosalie.

Mrs. Harlock performed a traditional christening ceremony, and the "new member of the family," called Gentaur, was launched on

The remarkable little 10-horsepower vehicle can reach speeds up to 100 miles an hour, but its designers concentrated on the more importtant aspects such as road-holding and braking. "It's well above average in these respects," Tim

Primarily, Centaur is designed for the race-track, but it feels equally at home doing every-day touring jobs about town.

Two months after Centaur was roadworthy, in June last year, Tim and Keith realised their ambition to race their home-made car. Now they enter all the local races they can, "Unfortunately," said Tim, "there are only about eight in a year. We'd like to go interstate, but that's too expensive for us at the moment."

Had several "prangs"

Any wins? "Well, not outright," confessed Tim, "although we did win a class race. We are improving the car all the time, and are gaining more experience as drivers—which is more important. We're still hoping," he added optimistically.

What do the other racing enthusiasts think of this hybrid vehicle? "Well," said Tim, "I gather they think it's rather 'tatty' in appearance, but in performance they admit it's pretty remarkable."

markable."

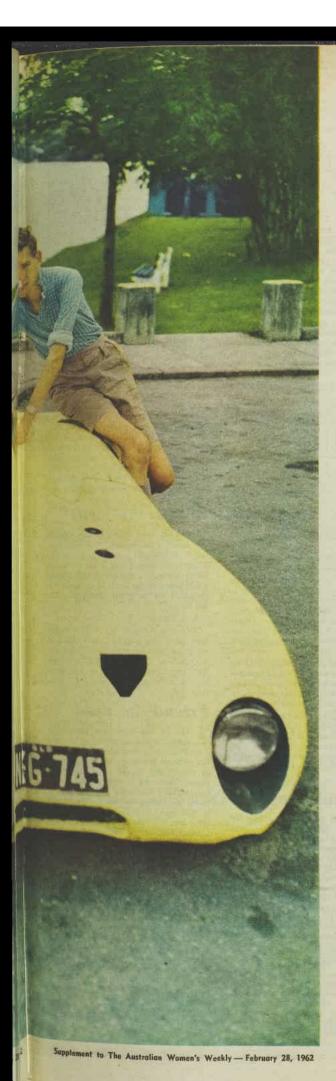
I noticed a diamond-shaped hole in Centaur's nose. "It's actually shaped more like a wineglass," corrected Tim, who has a passion for accuracy. "That hole wasn't the result of an accident, though I admit we have come to grief a couple of times on the track, once in a pile of tyres, and once in a stack of hay bales! The hole is intended for an air vent, which I haven't finished yet." finished yet."

To be owner of this amazing car has cost Tim approximately £700. The original estimate was only £500, but improvements since then have cost the additional £200. Not content with making two cars, Tim and Keith are helping a friend with a third based on Century's design. taur's design.

Tall (he's almost 6ft. 8in.), fair-haired Tim works as a demonstrator in the Mechanical Engineering section of the University in Brisbane, and he has no wish to make driving in car races a career. "Engineering experience in industrial fields is my major ambition at the moment—apart from winning a race, of course."

> YOUNG Queensland car-builder Tim Harlock with the Centaur, the home-made racer he worked on for over four years.





MACAROON TRIFLE, and a delicious sparkling "Burgundy" fruit cup.

Debbie trifles with macaroon

• All Debbie's male friends immediately place her on top of their "matrimony prospect" list when she presents this special dessert as the grand finale at her popular parties.

IT is a luscious maca-roon trifle.

The sherry or port wine added to the fruit juice before pouring it over the cake squares and macaroons can be omitted if desired.

Debbie sometimes uses small portions of various flavored and colored jellies to add a carnival air to this dessert, and fruits may be varied to suit individual tastes.

When macaroons are diffi-cult to obtain, Debbie makes her own by adding ½ cup coco-nut to her favorite meringue mixture and baking them in a slow oven until dry.

All spoon measurements are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in

YOU'LL NEED: One pack-YOU'LL NEED: One pack-ket raspberry or port wine jelly crystals, hot water, 4 tablespoons custard powder, 1 pint milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ pint cream (whipped), 2 egg-whites, 1 sponge layer (cut into cubes), 12 macaroons, ½ cup peach syrup, 1 tablespoon sherry or port wine, 1 large can peach slices (chopped), loz. chocolate (grated).

METHOD: Make up jelly as directed on packet, using only # pint hot water; chill until set, then chop roughly with a knife into small pieces. Prepare custard: Blend custard powder with little milk, add remainder, stir well, fold in sugar. Cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add well-beaten egg-yolks, vanilla, and allow mixture to cool. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and half the whipped cream; chill. Arrange cake cubes and macaroons in base of an attractive glass serving-dish, pour over roons in base of an attractive glass serving-dish, pour over peach syrup and sherry or port wine. Top with layers of chopped peaches, jelly, and custard until dish is full. Decorate with remaining whipped cream (sweetened to taste) and grated chocolate. Serve well chilled.

Now here's how to make

a SPARKLING "BUR-GUNDY" fruit cup to wash down the trifle . . . YOU'LL NEED: One and

a half pounds sugar, 2 pounds rhubarb, 1½ tablespoons white vinegar, 1 gallon water, 2 lemons, raspberry syrup. METHOD: Wash and cut

up the rhubarb, place in a basin. Squeeze lemon juice and cut rind finely, put in basin with rhubarb and all other inwith rhubarb and all other ingredients except syrup. Allow to stand 48 hours, strain three times. Bottle and cork down well. Leave two weeks before using. To serve, chill well and place a tablespoon of raspberry syrup in base of each glass, fill up with sparkling mixture and serve.

Special vacuum-style bottles are best to use for this recipe.

are best to use for this recipe.



POUR fruit juice mixture over macaroons and cake squares. Stand this aside while preparing other sections.

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Louise Here's Hunter your answer

Don't rush things

"RECAUSE of my work, I have just "Because of my work, I have just moved to a new town, where I will be making my debut at a ball in June. At the time of the ball I will have been here seven months. How should I go about asking a boy to be my partner? I know quite a few boys already, but I don't think any of them have suits. I only know one boy who has a suit. Do you think I should ask the boy who has a suit or take a chance on one of the others having

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

It is always important for a debutante's peace of mind to have her partner chosen and asked early, but don't you think you are rushing things a bit? Couldn't you wait a bit longer, a month, anyway, before you make your decision? You'll know everyone a bit better then and maybe which boy has a suit hanging in his wardrobe. I think this is important, because I feel your partner would need a suit to wear to such an important occasion.

You should talk to the matron who is training and presenting the debs. She will tell you when you start to train for the presentation (which is when you need your partner), what the boys should wear, and any rules she has made to add to the spectacle of the

made to add to the spectacle of the presentation.

These rules generally govern the length of the dresses, and sometimes, the matron tells girls what colors and styles the other debs have chosen in an effort to see that they all blend.

Refuse politely

"WHAT do you think a girl should do if her boy-friend asked her to his place to have tea and meet his parents and his mother has something prepared that did not agree with the girl? Could you suggest a way to get out of this predicament without embarrassing the hostess, the boy, or your-

CM. N.S.W.

I think the only thing to say is that you can't eat it, that it disagrees with you, and please could you have bread and cheese or jam?

It is ridiculous to eat what is offered in such circumstances. The embarrassment is only momentary and mostly on

Mind you, I think you should see that your hosts and hostesses of the future are not faced with such a situa-

If there is some food your system can't cope with or you are allergic to something, I think invitations that include food should be accepted with a proviso like: "I'd love to come as long as you are not having eggs, I can't eat them unless there is a doctor stand-ing by."

Parents' business

"I AM almost 17 and my boy-friend "I AM almost 17 and my boy-friend is 18½. We have been going steady for nearly 12 months. Our trouble is that both of our parents want us to break up and go out with different members of the opposite sex. This is probably because we are becoming serious about each other and are being criticised by various sections of the community. I think this is most unfair, as we mostly go around in a group. Do you think we should still go steady? We still enjoy each other's company very much and we think both our parents and the community are being unreasonand the community are being unreasonable. Do you?"

"Wronged," Vic.

Your parents are not being un-reasonable, but I think the community is being unreasonable and impertinent. Your behaviour is the concern of your parents, not of the community.

I don't approve of going steady, as you well know, at your age. Just now, when your emotional growth is at its height, it is fraught with danger—the danger of emotions that cannot be controlled.

Your parents are wise to suggest parting, at least for a while. When parents say things like this, make demands upon you that you don't like, you want sometimes to look for the deeper significance in their demands.

I think your parents are telling you both that they think neither of you is ready for an early marriage; that they are afraid that continuing to see each other constantly may lead to marriage before you are both 21, and that also they are not certain that you are both right for each other.

What they are doing really is forcing you both to test your love and find out if you are right for each other. Their concern is for your lifelong happiness, not just for your happiness now

You should make a deal with them to try their separation tactics for 12 months and if you still feel the same way to go together again. I feel sure they would consent to this and be much happier about the two of you.

Wait and see

"I HAVE been going with a boy for the past eight months. Over Christmas he went away. Before he went he gave me a locket for Christmas. While he was away he wrote to me and told me how much he to me and told me how much he missed me, but when he came back he didn't get in touch with me and when he did see me he just neglected me and went on speaking to his hoy-friend. What do you think I should do? I still love him. Do you think I should send him back his locket?"

"Hay," N.S.W.

Hay, N.S.W.

Do nothing. It is up to your boyfriend to make the next move. He
may feel you were getting too serious
and that he should get your relationship on a more casual basis; or he may
temporarily not like you as much as
he did. This does happen even between
the most devoted couples.

If you send that locket back, he

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

will believe you want to end everything. Just sit this phase out for a while. You'll know quickly whether white. You'll know quickly whether it is a phase or a permanent thing. Enjoy yourself as much as you can in the meantime and go out with anyone who asks you. It is hard to do this, feeling the way you do, and I know you don't want to. But do try; it's much better if you can.

Leave them alone

"WE consider ourselves two attrac-tive girls of 18 and we are very much in love with two men of 20 and 22. They are lift mechanics at the place where we work, so we see them frequently. They always smile and speak to us, but how can we show our love for them when they never ask us out? We know they like us, because they have told some of our friends. At the moment we are desperate. What she we do?"

"Beagle Girls," Tas.

Has it ever struck you that they may be married, otherwise engaged, not interested? It seems obvious to me that you two desperate females have frightened these two young men. Why not leave them alone and see what happens? It's their right to do the pur-suing and take the initiative, not yours.

Break the news

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy for five months, but after having a four-week holiday and meeting many other boys I find I am no longer interested in him as a boy-friend. Should I tell him straight out? If so, how? Or should I try to avoid him and refuse his dates?"

J.S., Qld.

Tell him straight out. Tell him the next time you see him, and tell him while you are by yourselves. It's hard, I know, but it's the fairest thing to do. Avoiding him and refusing his dates is both cruel and childish.

Friend in need

"I AM 14 and have been going with a boy for two months. Just recently I took my girl-friend along with me for her to meet him and everything he did to me he did to my girl-friend, even kissing. Now she is with me every day and night. I know she likes him and I think his feeling for me has gone. He is still very nice to me and says he loves me, but I know he doesn't. When I sneak out late at night to meet him my girl-friend is already with him. It makes me very jealous. I don't want to lose my friendship with either of them, so please what should I do? My mother doesn't know I sneak out." "T AM 14 and have been going with

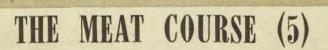
L.E., Vic.

Life certainly is tough, isn't it, and tougher than ever when you start breaking rules? Sneaking out to see boys is one of the worst rules to break; it is stupid, causes untold trouble, and, when your parents find out, lays a foundation of suspicion and distrust that

can affect your whole romantic life.

As for your girl-friend and your boy-friend: forget them. They no longer feel the same way about you. You're just a nuisance. Have no more to do with either of them—and do no more sneaking out.

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TABLE

MANNERS

From "Tiffany's Table Manners For Teenagers."





When eating a piece of bread or drinking, place the knife and fork in the "rest" position. The sharp edge of the knife-blade should be pointing to the left. This is the best place for your knife and fork when you are chewing, talking, or wiping your mouth. When the course is finished, always place your knife and fork together in the centre of the plate, with the prongs of the fork turning UP. The knife-blade should face the fork.

 If the meat doesn't require cutting with the knife, it may be eaten with the fork in the right hand. In this case don't use the knife at all -leave it on the table

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PAPER CLOTHES:

FABRICATED, BUT NO TISSUE OF

• I see that disposable paper shirts, which fold to wallet size, will soon be on sale in British shops.

THE man who is designing the shirts predicts that there will be complete paper suits by 1970.

As females pinch pretty well every idea for men, I expect heyll also cotton on to paper clothes.

So, here are some ideas of what would happen to the world

of fashion and so on if women take to wearing the (paper) pants.

With the new-style clothes, presumably weddings would now
be celebrated with old shoes and rice paper.

And it would be quite appropriate for a woman's hat to be

and it would be quite appropriate for a woman's hat to be made of foolscap.

No more, need I add, would girls have ladders in their stockings — they'd have letters!

Which would be a good thing — lettered stockings would not have to be discarded. A girl could just seal them with a

loving kiss.

One group of girls is a "natural" for the new fashion.

I refer, of course, to wallflowers. They could obviously wear

The writing is on the wallflower.

Perhaps there are certain older women who might wear blotting-paper. They are the ladies who get three sheets in the wind at parties. Their dresses would help soak it up. Outdoors, athletic girls probably would wear dresses made of exercise books.

Perhaps the new fashion would even create new film idols — say a bioke named Tabloid Hunter.

Conventional cloth fashions are "in" now for at least months, but paper fashions would date overnight if they were made of

newspapers.

No longer would a "catty" rival be able to only sneer, "Dahling, she's wearing last season's dress." Now, she'd accurately

be able to pick on last night's.

Of course, with newspaper clothes, ironing would be made

You see, there would already be the power of the Press!
Paper clothes would already be the power of the Press!
Paper clothes would be a problem in the rain. Soggy paper would brown off a girl. But if she wore a greaseproof dress she couldn't very well wax indignant!
Perhaps boys would like such fashion — so much so that there might be over-zealous girl-chasers. They'd be called, doubtless paper-mashers!

less, papier-mashers!

But me—Pd be cutting out paper-dolls, literally.

I mean, with plenty of paper around, a boy might get too wrapped up.

And end up covered with paper himself — confetti.

- Robin addir



"I'm passionately in love with a man who is married and has a family — Pat Boone!

ent to The Australian Women's Weekly - February 28, 1962

 An American teenage "tycoon" wants to show Australian teenagers how they can own and operate miniature business companies.

These teens like to mind their own business!

By KERRY YATES

DARWIN SMITH, 19, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is studying for an engineering degree at Ohio State University, is holidaying in Sydney.

He hopes to interest Australian teenagers and business firms in the activities of 40,000

or so American high-school students.

"In the States," drawled tall, blond Darwin, "we have a big organisation called Junior Achievement, which operates strictly for teenagers."

He explained that during the American high-school term, which runs from October till May, students are encouraged to become members of Junior Achievement, which offers "do-it-yourself" courses in business.

Junior Achievement arranges for groups of from 15 to 20 boys and girls, each 15 to 19 years old, to meet once a week to form and run their own teenage business com-

Docal business firms sponsor the junior corporations and supply the only outside help—three adult experts in the fields of production, accounting, and sales.

These men are only advisers and try to set the teenage groups off to a good start. But they have no active parts in the work, the decisions, or the rewards (or losses).

The teenagers first have to decide the type of company they wish to operate.

"During my last four years at high school I've made flower-holders, sponges, house-number signs, and even dry-cleaning fluid," said Darwin, who was a member of Junior Achievement groups.

The groups can choose any products or services to develop their small-scale companies. They raise capital to finance these companies by selling stock to friends and neighbors at 50 cents (about 4/-) a share.

Change of duties

The capital is used to buy working equip-ment, pay hourly wages to members, and rentals for company offices, which are usually unused offices in rundown buildings.

Each member is a shareholder and takes his or her turn working at all phases of the company's activities.

Members also elect their own board of directors, pay their own wages and commissions, keep production and sales records, de-sign advertising, and prepare financial state-

The life-span of a teenage company is only the length of the school year, about eight months. At the end of the school term members liquidate the company and, if the enterprise has been a success, pay back the stockholders and declare dividends and bonuses.

Here's a typical example of Junior Achievement . . .

In 1959 Darwin was president of a group named Hy-Flyer Enterprises.

"This company, sponsored by General Electric Chemical Products of America, was a very successful junior enterprise," said



Darwin Smith

He said a group of 20 Cleveland highschool students raised a capital of 130 dol-lars (about £52). The products manufac-tured were illuminated house-number signs which sold at one dollar and 25 cents (about each.

Wages of 25 cents (about 2/-) an hour were paid to each member and also a commission of 25 cents for every number sign sold. At the end of the company's working time, Hy-Flyer Enterprises paid 14 per cent. dividend to its stockholders and a 20-dollar (about £8) bonus to each "achiever."

Firm won awards

Hy-Flyer Enterprises won its year's Junior Achievement award of the best teenage com-pany from 120 rivals in Cleveland. Darwin's group also won Cleveland awards for the best sales and production departments.

hest sales and production departments.

As president, Darwin was awarded three education scholarships, The Cleveland Sales Executive Club gave 100 dollars to Darwin as "best junior salesman in Cleveland." The Ohio State University awarded him 300 dollars and Junior Achievement Incorporated, the national headquarters, gave 750 dollars because he was chosen as one of the top achievers of the year,

And General Electric Chemical Products.

And General Electric Chemical Products, which backed the junior company, gave Darwin a temporary job after his graduation from high school the year before last. He also worked with them last summer to raise

the money for his trip to Australia.

So Darwin's ambition is to be on the sell-

Achievement helped him decide.

Like most large companies, the teenage firms arrange staff dances, picnics, hayrides, and sporting teams.

really also works as a social club," Junior Achievement programmes, there's a chance of us meeting kids from all over the world."

Teenage business companies are now thriving in Canada, Mexico, and Denmark. Last year, a young American girl interested some New «Zealand firms to begin Junior Achievement there.
And Darwin Smith hopes Australia will

begin a teenage "tycoon" programme. He said several Australian firms, to which he explained Junior Achievement, had shown interest in the idea.

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ART through the ages WATSON

Rectangular mosaics

21. ABSTRACT ART (20th century).

MODERN art since the beginning of the 19th century seems to have moved in leaps and bounds. Realism, Impressionism, Post Impressionism, and Cubism, to mention a few, have been logical developments—one following on the other.

And all of these stages have been moving away from the natural image toward an imaginative or abstract presentation,

The period just before World War I appeared to bring the whole movement to a climax, not just in one or two countries, but in all the major European centres.

One of the artists at the forefront of this new movement was Piet Mondrian, who was born at Amersfoort, Holland, in 1872.

Mondrian's early work was realistic, generally landscapes. He slowly evolved from this through Cubism, with which he had become thoroughly familiar.

By 1920 Mondrian had decided where his artistic future lay. His desire was to produce pictures freed from objectivity or the limitations of external appearances—all was to be subordinated to his own image of what he intended painting.

Movement, impure colors, wandering lines, brushstrokes, and all lifelike movements were not allowed. "B R O A D W A Y BOOGIE WOOGIE," by Mondrian. From the collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

In the end, his pictures were composed of rectangular areas of color—red, yellow, blue, or white.

In "Broadway Boogie Woogie"—one of his last works, and named after a popular dance—Mondrian sums up the knowledge of a lifetime. Painted in New York and using a technique of small mosaics of color, a viewer can feel the cold logic of the artist.

With infinite patience he evolved his rectangular

shapes, placing them so carefully that to move one of them would be to throw the whole picture out of shape.

The closing years of this notable artist brought greater maturity and clarity to his work, pushing everything to its ultimate and logical conclusion.

NEXT WEEK: Surrealism.











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supplement to The Australian Warner's Weekly - February 28 196

This Storm has a silver-voiced lining

• One pop singer who has given a big welcome to Sydney's new no-banking-on-Saturday regulations is 19vear-old Roland Storm, who (under his real surname of Hillcoat) works in a suburban bank.

WITH dance engage. ments most nights of the week and a regular Friday night booking at the Manly Surf Club, Roland's a pretty busy boy. While the summer lasts he'll now probably use Saturday mornings to get out on his surfboard.

Suntanned, 6ft, 1in, tall, he's a lunch-hour regular at the new Lane Cove Olympic Pool,

Roland's musical training Roland's musical training goes back to his early child-hood. He began piano lessons at the age of four, and later became a choirboy at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, and has competed in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

He has already made a start He has already made a start on TV, with appearances on "Six O'Clock Rock," "Bandstand," and "The Johnny O'Keefe Show," and hopes to be doing a lot more this year. He has had a talk with a Melbourne recording company about cutting a disc, and may

about cutting a disc, and may be going down for a recording session soon.

THE harshest thing I've ever heard said about Jimmy Little by the people who've toured with him (and he's always off somewhere) is that sometimes he's a bit vague about time. Everybody seems to like him, and something of



Roland Storm

the quality that makes them do so comes through in his

do so comes singing.
With his new LP, "A Tree in the Meadow" (Festival), he ranges over such varied material as "Little Green Valley," "Maria Elena," "Rock Island Line," and "Galway Boy."

IT'S good to hear Dig Richards really getting off the ground with a big-rhythm job in "Do-Re-Mi," his new Festival single, with Warren Carr doing some great work at the piano. Dig says he's sick of insipid stuff, and, to continue the new deal, hurls himself into "Dear Lady Twist" on the flip.

Right after he got back from his New Zealand tour, Dig flew down to Tasmania for a short engagement, and was just back in time to keep a string of dates in northern New South Wales towns.

EVER since his big personal break-through with "Skip To My Lou," Dave Bridge has been trying to develop a new teen sound in his compositions. He thinks he has it with his new single, "The Tide" (haunting and a bit eerie), and an uptempo "Tornado." He's using his new American stereophonic mitar—the only one of its hind. guitar—the only one of its kind in Australia.

Pops: It's always satisfactory to recommend a single with two strong sides like Jack Ham-mer's "Juliette"-"Tell The Gang mer's "Juliette"-"Tell The Gang Goodbye" (W and G). "Juli-ette's" lyrics are sharp and re-freshing, "Goodbye's" beat is mighty, and production and musical backing in both cases excellent. Who's Hammer? Real name Earl Burroughs, hit-

SOME excellent illustrated in structions on the jacket back make the King Curtis Combo's "The Twist!" (R.C.A. LP) a good buy for those who want to but can't. Tracks include "The Fly," "Peppermint Twist," "Let's Twist Again."

FOR those times when you feel everyone and everything sounds the same, it's not a bad idea to have something like Andy And The Bey Sisters' "Big Mamou" to slap on the player. It's quite fascinatingly different, original in styling, and sung in a mixture of French and English. An R.C.A. single, with a flip called "Chanson

FOUR great old Miller tunes ("In The Mood," "Senti-mental Journey," "Moonlight Serenade," "One O'Clock Jump") are given a slick re-conditioning by Henry Jerome and his Brazen Brass on a Festi-val EP named "Glen Miller In Rrass"

RETWEEN them, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter have written some of the most lastingly popular tunes of our times, "Night And Day," "I've Got You Under My Skin" (Porter), You Under My Skin" (Porter),
"All The Things You Are,"
"The Way You Look Tonight"
(Kern). The Morton Gould orchestra—in some cases broken into imaginative smaller groupings—play these and seven other "Kern And Porter Teaseries". Favorites" on a tuneful R.C.A.

BOYS' From Brian Gibson in London Young Englishman John Leyton first

became a show-business personality as a boys' hero - "Ginger" in the TV series about air-ace "Biggles."

JOHN LEYTON, who had his first show-business break as a hero in a boys' TV show and is now an English singing idol.

GIRLS LOVE

NOW, since he has become a singer, his "Biggles" fans' older sisters are also idolising him.

After his "Biggles" break, John's discoverer, Australian-born English impresario Robert Stigwood, had the TV star audition for the lead sing-ing role in a London musical, "Johnny the Priest."

He didn't win the part, but a talent scout had heard him sing. He was signed by E.M.I. and made "Johnny Remember Me," which soon sold 500,000

Australian tour?

John said that a big reason for the immediate success of this record was that on the week of its release he sang the song in a television role as a fictional pop singer, Johnny Sincerely. "Although the num-ber was written for me, it was purely luck and coincidence they decided to tie my record in with the show in the week of its release," he said. John's record "Wild Wind" is

at present on sale in Australia, and another, "Son, This Is She," is doing well in Eng-land. If his records sell well in Australia, manager Stigwood would like to arrange a tour out here by John.

Film leads

Despite his success on records, John wants to go back to the theatre (he has had extenthe theatre (he has had extensive dramatic training) and, if possible, make films. He has appeared opposite Helen Shapiro in the film "It's Trad, Dad." This, however, was just to sing—he had no dialogue. There are plans to star him in films this year.

When he's not working, John's idea of relaxation is to sleep late in the morning and to drive his new sports car. He likes best Chinese food, and his favorite film stars are Elizabeth Taylor and Elvis Presley. His greatest ambition is to work greatest ambition is to work under the American director Elia Kazan

John likes «girls "who can cook and look presentable." but does not want to get married

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WORTH HEARING

Puccini: "Turandot"

ANYONE who feels like making the outlay necessary for a ANYONE who feels like making the outlay necessary for a full-length recorded opera should hear a brilliant new recording of Puccini's last opera, "Turandot," just released by R.C.A. "La Boheme," "Madame Butterfly," and "Tosca" have made Puccini the most popular of all operatic composers; but many music-lovers feel that his best music is to be found in his late works, such as the comic opera "Gianni Schiechi" and "Turandot," which he left unfinished at his death in 1924. (It was completed from his sketches by a fellow-composer.)

dot," which he left unfinished at his death in 1924. (It was completed from his sketches by a fellow-composer.)

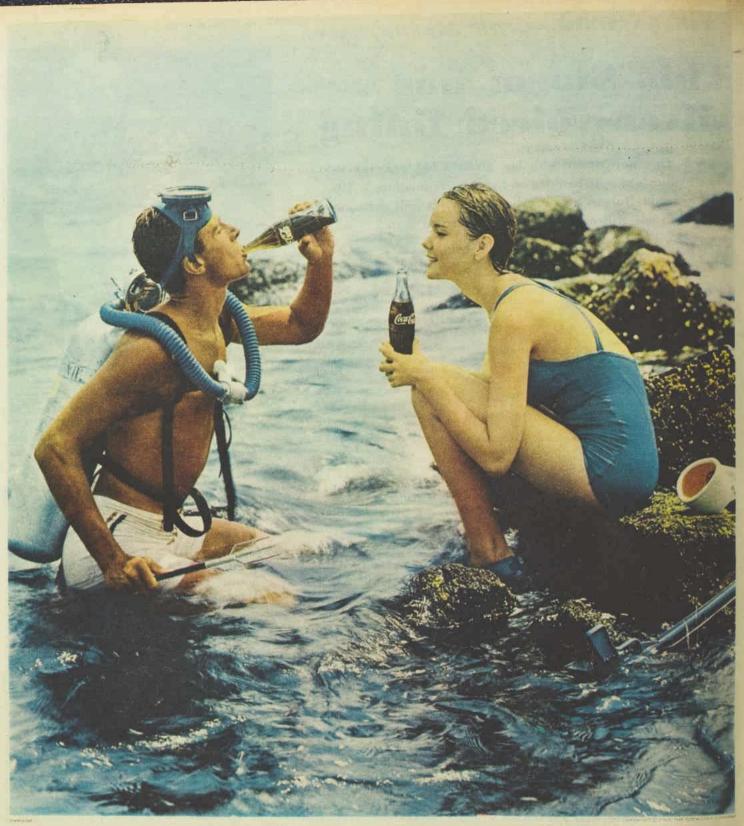
"Turandot" has a Chinese story. It is about a cruel, beautiful princess who makes all her suitors answer three riddles, her hand being the prize and the headman's block the booby prize.

It is meant for gorgeous, elaborate staging (which is one of the reasons why it is less often staged than the other Puccini operas), and the music is rich and splendid to match—though there are some delightfully humorous and lyrical interludes.

In the recorded performance Swedish soprano Birgit Nilsson sings the role of Turandot, her compatriot Jussi Bjorling has the leading tenor role, and soprano Renata Tehaldi has the smaller but sought-after role of Liu, the little slave who dies for the hero, Calaf.

The orchestra is that of the Rome Opera House; the conductor is Erich Leinsdorf.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 28, 1962



BE REALLY REFRESHED

. . . what a special zing . . . you get from Coke. Revive quick as a cold plunge with the lively lift and sparkle of ice-cold Coca-Cola.

What a refreshing new feeling!



CA COLA IS BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY INDEPENDENT BOTTLING COMPANIES UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. COCA-COLA 'AND CORE ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKE OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - February 28, 1962

VIBRANT COLORS... FUZZY HATS (Continuing Paris Best-sellers)

• The Pierre Cardin collection radiates a new upsurge of fascinating color and color combinations. The same designer creates (examples below) a side-buttoned silhouette and uses fanciful fabrics and fringe trims. Cardin's helmet-like hats are made in lush fuzzy fabrics, in superbly manipulated fur, and clipped wool.



T right is a bishop-A the Right Reverend Robert Gordon Arthur, Bishop of Grafton, N.S.W.-driving one of the last bullock teams at Uki, on the N.S.W. north coast.

Bishop Arthur, spiritual head of a diocese extending from Port Macquarie and Wauchope to the Queensland border, got the team moving, but confesses he couldn't remember "how to stop

"The owner, Mr. P. Flan-nery, of Smiths Greek, on the Tweed, came to the rescue with a few quiet commands,"

The Bishop was touring the north coast for the first time since he was appointed to the diocese last September (he was formerly Assistant Bishop of Canberra and Goulburn).

of Canberra and Goulburn).

He enjoyed "putting into practice" a few of the bullock-driving theories instilled into him by his former superior, Bishop Burgmann, who was Bishop of Canberra and Goulburn for nearly 27 years.

"Bishop Burgmann was brought up on the north coast, was an axeman of repute, and worked with bullock-drivers,"

Bishop Arthur said. "He was quite right about bullock-driving being an art. I was amazed at the easy con-t-ol Mr. Flannery exercises



BISHOP Arthur encourages the leader bullock (right), who is to be pensioned off this year after 15 years in harness.

"No shouting, no whip, and no strong language. As a matter of fact, Mr. Flannery is at his new city private school, a church warden. our favorite mother needn't have fussed.

"Bishop Burgmann used to say that the alleged profanity of bullock-drivers was greatly exaggerated. Most of them, he said, made a clear distinction between 'clean swearing' and

foul language."

"The former was an art, the latter considered "low."

"Sounders," announced from school with me and the rest of the bays — but there's would say, had a very picone thing he's GOT to do..." would say, had a very pic-turesque vocabulary and a distinct feeling for the right word. In other circumstances they might have become literary artists."

Birthday for Waaafs

CALLING all Waaafs! There is a 21st "birthday" re-union planned for you in Adelaide on Saturday, March 17, at 8 p.m.

If you want to take part in this third full-scale reunion since World War II, write to Mrs. B. N. Moore, 451 Grand Junction Road, Clearview, South Australia, by March 5.

You will meet many of your old mates, who are coming from as far away as Darwin, Thursday Island, Mount Isa, and all Australian capital

The W.A.A.A.F. function coincides with the opening of the Adelaide Festival of Arts.

outer-suburbs

He had already been taken

"Yes?" asked mother

pass our travelling time."

under the wing of a sophisticated contemporary introduced

to her as "Cooper."

anxiously.

"We began planning the re-union as far back as November, 1959," one of the organi-sers told us. "It does seem amazing that the Festival Committee should hit on the same date

WHO turned the hall light off?" demanded an irate four-year-old after bumping his head on a chair in a fall from

"Please leave it on. can I see where I'm falling in my sleep if you don't?" "Learn chess. That's how we

with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Australian Paradox"

Jeanne Mackenzie (Cheshire), 30/-.

Australia is no country for so-called "intellectuals"-Australia is no country for so-called "intellectuals"—
this seems to be one of the main conclusions drawn by
the wife of a London journalist in a fair, analytical
survey of the local scene. She and her husband lived
for a year in Canberra. Because of the layout of the
cities, she contends, especially of Sydney, it is impossible
for people to meet often in groups—of artists, writers,
and so on. After random meetings they tend to dis-

and so on. After random meetings they tend to dis-perse to their widely separated suburbs. Standards of living, class values, acceptance and assimilation of migrants, national institutions, such as Anzac Day, are evaluated with a clear, often embarrass-ingly perceptive eye. For the underlying energy and drive of the Aussie, fullest admiration is given.

She thinks that women could do a lot more in public life and notes the tendency for men to dominate them. Women have their traditional activities, but any attempt to penetrate into local or national politics is not en-couraged by men or society generally. She feels, how-ever, that Australia is on a new threshold, that a revolution is stirring, so that many of her criticisms may soon no longer apply.

This, she suggests, may be due to the gradual influence of the New Australian, who has been arriving steadily since just after the war — nearly 20 years.

"Wonderful Clouds"

Francoise Sagan (Heinemann), 13/3.

Dreamy, airy-fairy, like its title, is this newest book from France's novelist "enfant terrible." A young American husband, Alan, is madly in love with his French wife, Josee, who has become indifferent to his advances; in fact, indifferent to life. She drives him

advances; in fact, indifferent to life. She drives him mad, with jealousy over imagined infidelities.

The scene shifts from Florida and New York to Paris. Back in her old haunts, Josee kindles old flames, but they mean nothing to her—in fact, life, for her, dissolves into "nothingness." An older woman falls violently in love with Alan, flattering and provoking him, saddening Josee. With her man-woman exchanges Sagan is clever and perceptive—but overall the plot and message are inconsequential.

When you fear severe pain...

Just thinking about your next attack creates nervous tension. It is this fearful anticipation which sans resistance when nain comes—increases suffering—even brings pain on sooner. But knowing you can reach for comforting 'CODRAL' eases your mind, relaxes tension. You know that 'CODRAL's' action is swift, strong, lasting and . . . so perfectly safe. Two tablets with water or a cup of tea will speedily relieve the severest pain of headache, migraine, neuralgia, menstrual pain, toothache, abscess, backache, all other

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - February 28, 1962

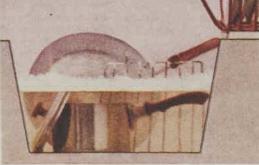
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After the glassware bring on the heavies! New Pink Lotion Hi-ho lasts right through the biggest wash-up. Its faster foaming detergent action dissolves and absorbs grease better than ever . . . leaves nothing on the dishes but the sparkle! You'll love this really new kind of detergent. . . . Buy some today!



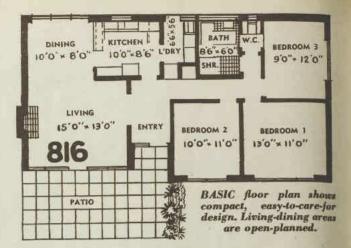
New Pink Lotion HI-HO looks like a lotion, feels like a lotion, and cleans dishes like mad!

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• The attractive home featured this week belongs to Mr. and Mrs. John Gledhill, of Aspley, Brisbane.

COMPACT and easy areas connect with each other, and yet all seem separate.

A breakfast-bar with a glass minimum of running about"-this was the main reason the Gledhills gave for choosing Plan No. 816.

Situated high above the roadway, with a north-east aspect, the house catches all the breezes and the family make good use of their front patio, which is balustraded and. gated for the safety of the three young children.

The house has a front entrance lobby and a long bedroom corridor. A breezeway between kitchen and way between kitchen and laundry was one of Mrs. Gled-hill's modifications to the basic

"Some people think corri-dors a waste of space, but we don't like going through one room to get to another," said Mrs. Gledhill.

Kitchen, dining, and living

and yet all seem separate.

A breakfast-bar with a glass cabinet above partitions the kitchen off without stopping the flow of air.

house, but it feels much larger," said Mrs. Gledhill, who is delighted with her



WELL-PLANNED, airy kitchen leads pas breakfast counter to the dining area

"Since I changed to FAB my extra dirty washing has never been so easy

. FAB gets rid of grease and grime without hard rubbing

Only Fab contains Actergent . . . that's why Fab suds are so much richer and longer lasting. Fab's richer harder working suds make light work of the heaviest wash. Even greasy overalls and grubby playclothes come clean and bright. See how your clothes come sparkling white, brighter than ever before. When you use Fab you've said goodbye forever to that "left-over" grey look that



FAB washes cleaner, whiter, brighter than any soap powder or any detergent!

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The secret's in the exquisite cool delicacy of this special Custard-Cream Filling, in contrast with tangy fruits and crisp flancrust. It's truly Continental. Sunshine

gives you the recipe for this delicious summer dessert. Sunshine Flan is easily made from simple wholesome ingredients—so economical when you use fruits in season.

8111/23:11

full-cream powdered milk gives Custard Cream Filling an extra-creamy, rich tasting delicacy . . . and puts full-cream richness into all your cooking.

*Registered Trade Mark

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SUNSHINE CREAMY CUSTARD FLAN

FLAN CRUST: 1 tablespoon Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tea-spoon sugar, 1 egg yolk, cold water, pinch salt.

FILLING: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 cup Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 2 egg yolks, 3 cups boiling water, 1 large tin apricots, grapes, or fruit in season.

GLAZE: † pint fruit syrup, 1 teaspoon gelatine, squeeze of lemon. (All spoon measures are level.)

METHOD: Flan Crust: Rub butter into flour, Sunshine, sugar and salt until crumbly. Mix to stiff dough with egg yolk and water. Roll thinly and line flan or 9" pie plate. Pierce with fork. Bake to golden brown. Cool.

Filling: Sift flour, Sunshine, sugar and salt into top of double saucepan. Stir in boiling water gradually and cook 15 mins. over hot water stirring until thickened, then stir occasionally. Add beaten egg yolks, cook 3 mins. Add vanilla, cover tightly. Chill. Fill Flan shell with custard filling and cover with drained apricots, black and green grapes, or fruit in season. Soften gelatine in syrup and dissolve over low heat, add lemon and cool. When almost set spoon over fruit. Chill.





POODLE

The flattering lines of the popular Jackie Kennedy Suit knitted in the rich fabric texture of Peacock Poodle! Knit it for yourself and be right up top in fashion and good taste. Beautiful new season colours to choose from - Bon Bon Pink, Sherbet, Angelica and a dozen more. Don't forget Jackie's smart pillbox hat . . . in Peacock Poodle, too!

Above left: Her suit (with hat) will cost you less than 26.0.0 to knit. Ask for Peacock Leaflet No. 53.

Crepe de Laine

Peacock's exciting new yarn with the super crepe twist . . . looks so fine — knits so fast! It's ideal for fabric-finish suits and frocks . . easy stocking stitch all the way . . . pretty jumpers and cardigans, too. There's a cascade of glorious colours to gladden your eye-smart new fashion styles, too, in Peacock's leaflets.

Above right: Knit this Cardigan Suit for only £6.6.0 . . . or the Cardigan top alone for only 66/6! Ask for Peacock Leaflet No. 58.

THE BEST BUY IN ANY

AT HOME

Margaret Sydney

 I've been thinking more about this perennial argument between city and country people as to which of them contributes most to the country's prosperity.

BEING myself country by upbringing and inclination and what you might call city by marriage, I find myself able to see both sides of the argument while sympathising with neither.

It seems to me much the same as the old argument about who does most for the family, the husband or the wife.

The husband knows he does the most, because he goes out to work for eight solid hours a day and he has his weekly pay packet

The wife knows she does the most because her work is quite literally never done. She's on call 24 hours a day seven days a week while the children are young and she has no union to protect her by saying enough's

The point the arguers miss, surely, is that the husband and wife are complementary to each other, that each is equally necessary to the family.

The same thing applies to the argument between the country and the city. Lots of country people regard the cities as blood-sucking parasites battening on their labors.

The city-dwellers, on the other hand, know ing the prices of butter and meat and milk and wool (and forgetting the middle man and the costs of producing those things), imagine that most farmers are plutocrats riding round in gold-plated cars.

Disaster wrecks

the balance

the husband in our imaginary family dies, the wife is going to find that there's more to raising a family than being endlessly, patiently on duty 24 hours a day; if the wife dies, the husband is going to find that there's more to the job than working a 40-hour week and bringing home his pay intact.

The same sort of disasters applied to the country's economy would have much the same sort of results.

Wipe out all Australia's farmers overnight and what would happen to the cities? They'd

Wipe out the cities overnight and what would happen to the farmers? They'd choke.

The farmer needs the city-dweller to eat his food as well as to handle and can and process and ship it for him.

Like it or lump it, neither can get along, neither can make a proper living without

I suppose the simple fact is that a good day's work is worth a good day's wage, whether the work's done on a farm, in a kitchen, in an office, or in a mine.

Three cups

of chocolate

KATHERINE has just found in a novel she's reading about Louis XIII a recipe for chocolate in the early 1600s, when the cocoa bean was an expensive rarity in Europe.

This is the recipe used by the Queen's she-midget, who was entrusted with the task

of preparing three cups of bitter-sweet chocolate for her mistress each day . . .

One hundred cocoa beans, two corns of chilli or Mexican pepper, a handful of aniseed, six Roses of Alexandria, a clove of campeachy, two drams of cinnamon, twelve almonds, twelve hazelnuts, and half a sugar-

sugar-loaf (about half a pound) were pounded into a paste with a little honey and then the whole lot stirred over a low flame until thoroughly mixed into a blackish, peppery paste. Campeachy and the Roses of Alexandria were both strongly aromatic were both strongly aromatic.

andria were both strongly aromatic herbs. The rich in these and earlier medieval times must have had cast-iron digestions. How would you like to face the morning's housework after fortifying yourself with a dish of eggs stewed in honey, washed down with a pint of ale, and followed by a whole trant stuffed with walnuts and baked in pastry?

Drab colors

on way out

DIANA was thrown into despair by reading recently that the murky colors are into fashion again.

"I won't be able to wear any of my winter clothes," she said, watching closely for any sign of a useful reaction from me

"I'll just have to ditch the lot."

Kat, now in her second year away from school and more worldly wise, said, "Fashions might change overnight, but wages don't. People'll be wearing out their muddy-colored clothes for the next couple of years."

I hated these drabbish colors when they first came in, then I got used to them, now I'm getting tired of them, and it's nice to think that the bits of knitting lying round the house this winter will be in lighter, brighter colors.

Whole family

looked dreary

THE other day in a city restaurant I was admiring a young woman at the next

She had on a tobacco-colored linen dress patterned with small plum-colored devices, and with it she was wearing a black hat, gloves, and shoes. It wasn't a color combination I'd have been game to try, but she looked stunning.

A few minutes later she was joined by her three small children.

The eight-year-old boy was wearing a drab green shirt with black patterning on it, the six-year-old girl had a cotton frock of dull red, dark brown, and dark grey checks, and the two-year-old blond baby had a dark brown dress checked with deep mustard-yellow.

The total effect of a whale family dressed this way was quite ghastly — it ruined the mother's glamorous effect and made the chil-dren look like refugees from one of Dickens

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HAZARDS of being a second wife -and a stepmother

 "May I give a few words of advice to women about to become stepmothers," writes a woman from Victoria. She hopes they will benefit from her experiences as the wife of a man who had been divorced and had one small daughter.

days, there must be thousands of women wondering if they should marry a man with a child or chil-

Marriage for these women can often be vastly different from a marriage where the woman is secure in the knowledge that her husband has married her simply because he loves her and wants to be with her for the rest of his

But a man who has been married before and has a child on his hands can have other reasons for getting married-none of them ro-

Sobering task
To protect her future happiness, the woman be marries
must often sacrifice her romanmust often sacrifice her roman-tic dreams and apply herself to the sobering task of dis-covering just why he did marry her—no easy task. A man won't always admit the reason, even to himself.

I married a man with one child—a little girl of five. He had divorced his wife for adultery and I got the idea that she was a dreadful person.

Big-hearted me wanted to make it up to them—I was going to make their lives completely happy. I guess most stepmothers have this idea when they start off.

people also make me happy?

Why did his first wife com-

mit adultery?

Is he just looking for someone to look after his little a fond memory.

enough to marry, too - the child is living proof of that love and intimacy.

With a widower you can forget and sympathise with him. His late wife can at most be

 Does he want an unpaid housekeeper?
 How fond of his child is he? Is his love for her an obsession?
 But not so with a divorcee. That woman is not only somewhere around but by force of circumstances in continued contact with you.

You will a proper the phone But not so with a divorcee.

obsession?

• How often will the mother have access to the child?

• Do I like the child well enough to live with her for the rest of my days?

My advice is find out as much as possible and don't self finding out the color of

SHE writes: With so myself before I took the he did love someone else because the child asked him enough to marry, too—the will he just have to go in two child is living proof of that and say "Hello!" as mine did?

because the child asked him will he just have to go in and say "Hello!" as mine did? If Daddy is busy, perhaps Mummy will pick the child up. Of course, she won't come to the house but stop a few doors up the street in front doors up the street in front of the inquisitive neighbors, holding court in her car, re-ceiving all the neighboring children whom her daughter

wishes her to meet.

If these occurrences should If these occurrences should get under your skin, and one day, no matter how big you want to be, they will, you will be told that you are not being fair to the child. In fact, as time goes on you will find out just how much you will be asked to take "for the sake of the child."

The day will come when you will wonder, as I sometimes did, why we didn't all, Mummy included, live together and be done with it.

Then one day you will meet

Then one day you will meet her face to face. She doesn't look the terrible creature that he led you to believe she was before you married him.

You will begin to wonder what really happened to make her go to someone else; that is, if you have not already found out.

Few women extra-marital relationships because they are promiscuous. So often when a married woman accepts the love of another man it is because she needs love—the love that she should be getting, and isn't, from her husband.

Child herself

Some men pursue a woman with all the passion and tenderness she craves and hopes that she will go on getting after they are married. But once the chase is over certain types of men lose interest. once the chase is over cer-tain types of men lose interest and turn off love like a light. The woman finds herself cut off for the rest of her life from the very thing she has married for—and many just can't take life that way. Now we come to the most

important question—about the child herself.

Have you met her or is she just a beautiful picture that Daddy has painted for you? If you have met her, what were your reactions to her? Did you take to her at once? Was she' a sweet natured.

You cannot blaime the child.
After all, it is her mother—
something that you aren't and never will be as long as her mother remains an active part of the child's life.

If the child is too young to travel alone, how will she visit her mother? Will Daddy take her over in the car, and

HOME AND FAMILY

away, if you can, for at least a month from her father's influence, both upon her and yourself, and get to know her.

If, at the end of that time, you feel that you would like to have her around for the rest of your days, it's maybe all right, because you both will be together most of the time while Daddy is at work. In fact, she will demand the major part of your time.

Make certain that her father's love for her is normal. Some men adore their little girls so much that to them the child can do no wrong. If so, when the child misbehaves, and all children will sooner or later, you will find yourself in a delicate position.

You will get no help from Daddy in correcting her because to him she will have done nothing wrong. So you either let her go on getting worse or correct her yourself and be thought a monster by the child, or point out to Daddy that it is his duty to remove the row spectacles and remove the rosy spectacles and see the child as she is—then become the enemy of both.

It is another version of the eternal triangle—but I think the Other Woman variety is much easier to deal with.

All these things have happened to me, and do you know whose side I have finished up on? Mummy's.

I only wish I were as free as she is,



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She's lovely and he is confident . . because they know LISTERINE will keep their breath clean and fresh all day . . all evening. For LISTERINE is the true oral antiseptic ... a "must" for everyone who wants to be successful at work, at play. In 15 taste-tingling seconds, two table-spoons of LISTERINE, used as a gargle, climinate germs that multiply in the hidden cavities of the throat and mouth that toothpaste cannot reach. REMEMBER, TOOTHPASTE IS FOR TEETH —LISTERINE IS FOR BREATH! Despite every claim, LISTERINE is the one sure way to keep your breath fresh and inviting all day



LISTERINE—the true oral antiseptic... a part of successful living!

A first marriage can unhappily intrude on yours

Now, after many not very happy years of experience, I will mention a few of the questions I should have asked

marriage will intrude upon Because of the child you

must accept the fact that the first marriage can never be a closed book. Even if the woman is at fault in a divorce, a court very seldom denies her access to her child.

A woman likes to think that the man she marries loves her

- FOR THE CHILDREN -Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM

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just accept his story of his Mummy's new dresses, the former marriage. Above all, wonderful new records find out to what extent that Mummy has, you will see the wonderful new records
Mummy has, you will see the
latest snaps of Mummy, you
will hear the name of her
new boy-friend, and descriptions of the gorgeous gift he
gave her for her birthday.

Looking at the pair of stockings that you got from Mummy's ex-husband on your birthday, you will begin to envy her. This envy will grow as you find yourself doing the worst chores for Mummy's

And because Mummy be-

comes a rare treat, seen only once a week, she becomes a very special person in the child's eyes.

At Christmas, under the tree, you will find Mummy's gifts to the child along with three of her sisters' parents' three of her sisters', parents', friends, and relatives' next to your, by comparison, small donation.

Their wrapping-paper seems to be more extravagant than yours, the ribbon more eyeaking. No matter what you have paid or what labor you have put into your gift, Mummy's will always be taken

COLLECTORS' CORNER

· Pair of glazed pottery ornaments handles in the shape of a merman and a dog. They are of majolica.



@ Biscuit-barrel at left is cutglass engraved in a star design, and is mounted on electroplate. was made about 1875.



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New ASTOR Transistor 8—Australia's most powerful 8-transistor portable. Stylish set design and hig set per-formance with volume to spare in city or country. Gift packed and complete with smart leather finish carrying case including private-line listening ear-piece. 29 Gns.



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A PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED Page 42



· Britannia - metal teapot has good, simple lines.



German stein (beer mug) dates about 1850-95,

EXPERT Mr. Stanley Lips-combe answers three readers' questions about their antiques.

Could you please tell me to what period these two ornamental vases belong. They are highly glazed pottery, Prussian-blue in color, with a delicate design, and handles in the forms of a dog and merman. The markings are 1463 and 1464 respectively, and there are two fish in an aval on each.—Mrs. B. M. Fulton, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Your ornaments (shown above at left) are Italian majolica, and were made in the late 19th century. They date about 1885.

My stein (German beer mug) has a pewter-colored lid and the wording "Al-ter brumm nicht" across the front. The inside base, when held to the light the inside base, when held to the agin (otherwise plain white), shows the in-terior of a Tyrolean-style room. The mug is 9in. high. My silver, wood, and glass biscuit-barrel is 7in. high. Could you give me some information about them both, please?—P.M., Chatwood, N.S.W.

This type of stein (shown above) was popular throughout the latter half of the 19th century (1850-1895). Yours of the 19th century (1850-1895). Your belongs to this period. However, there are many modern versions of this type. The inscription "Alter brumm nicht" translated means "Don't grumble, old men." The biscu't-barrel (shown in centre above) is cut-glass. The metal sections are electroplated silver on brass. The finely engraved design with stars and the "controlled" wide cut star base shows that this charming barrel is late Victorian and was made about 1875-85.

My Britannia-metal teapot holds a little over three pints and is 8½in high. The whole pot is metal. Could you tell me its age, please?—Mrs. W. I. Nicholas, Beechworth, Vic.

Your Britannia-metal teapot is Vic-torian and was made about 1860. It is a good example, with its simplicity relieved by scroll and acanthus leaf feet and swan-neck spout

When

what she says knows exactly where he stands. Inconsistency breeds confusion and disobedience. .. mean it!

• The child who knows that his mother means

CONFUSION about discipline can make a child constantly excitable, restless, and discontented, or consistently domineering and extremely competitive with his brothers and sisters. He may even steal or be unable to sleep at night.

Recent studies, however, have shown that such disturbances are not usually deep-rooted, and dramatic improve-ments can result from a fresh and more consistent approach on the part of a mother,

No one would want to be a hundred per cent, consistent, for that would mean being unbending and rigid. You can be both elastic and consistent,

Let's say, for example, that a youngster asks for an ice-cream. Perhaps there isn't time to find an ice-cream shop or have no small change, or mealtime is near.

On purely practical grounds you say, "Sorry. No ice-

But because you made that decision on Monday, you would not need to deny your child an ice-cream on Tuesday, in the name of consistency.

Don't be apologetic

But suppose there were a valid reason why ice-cream had been declared "off limits." In that case, yielding to coaxing one day but prohibiting the consumption of ice-cream a few days later would be inconsistent.

Inconsistency includes being apologetic about a stand you have taken or wondering aloud whether it was the right thing

Of course, everyone occasionally gives a direction which proves to have been a mistake. In that case, to say casually, "I was wrong; we don't have to do it that way after all," does not undermine consistency if it is exceptional.

The kindest, most sensitive and conscientious mothers are often inconsistent because they are so thoroughly committed to the cause of the underdog.

Other mothers are inconsistent because they lack confidence in themselves and their ability to enforce regulations which they have set up. They overlook the fact that they appear very competent to their children, despite such taunts as "That's what you think" or "Fat lot you know" from their six- to 10-year-olds.

Still other mothers, looking back on unhappy childhoods, are determined that their children shall not suffer from the severity that shadowed their own youth. They forget the great difference that exists between repressive, galling strictness and the firmness that enforces reasonable limits.

Some mothers find it hard to maintain consistent discipline because they have assumed that the permissiveness which is good for a tiny baby is also good for an older child.

But though babies do thrive on being given food and cuddling when they want it, the gradual imposition of regulations fosters their development as they grow older.

There are also parents who are afraid that their sons and daughters will be resentful if rules are enforced and

consideration for others required.

And there are parents who are continually at odds with each other, and who may, without realising it, adopt con-trary methods of discipline just to annoy each other. In the end, the children may obey neither parent.

Inconsistency makes a child feel insecure. He is aware of his own helplessness and wants to believe his parents are

Such a child, when young, may react to his mother's weakness by trying her out repeatedly to see how much she will take before she puts a stop to what he is doing. But at the very moment he is trying to provoke his mother into a show of strength, he may exploit maternal indecision by screaming, "You're a mean old thing. If you loved me, you'd let me have that chocolate" (or whatever it is he wante)

On the surface, such youngsters are using the strategy most likely to get what they want. Yet, deep inside, they want to be stopped when they cannot stop themselves.

Older children are also uneasy when they can't get a clear-cut "yes" or "no" from their mothers.

The mother who says "yes" cheerfully when she can and "no" definitely when she feels she must, or comes up with an acceptable alternative, is more apt to have her children's co-operation and regard than the one who hedges.

A first step for parents who are trying to cultivate firmness is to avoid getting out on a limb. It's better to stay away from threats or promises that can't be made good. Success in following through comes more readily if standards aren't too high or if sudden reforms aren't expected on all fronts

Don't be distant

If, for instance, coming home from school promptly for lunch has become an issue with a seven-year-old, let that be the hurdle to get over and be lenient about table manners.

And firmness, incidentally, does not involve being cool or distant with a child. It's possible to make the lunch hour sufficiently pleasant so that a youngster will be less likely to succumb to diversions along the homeward route.

Don't expect cheerful compliance at all times, If a youngster has been asked to put on his coat, pick up a toy, or come in from play, never mind if he puts up a protest. The essential thing is that he does as he was asked to do.

Disregard arguments or name-calling, thumb-sucking or hair-twisting, for these are safety valves. The most stable adults light cigarettes or mutter a bit of profanity under their breath under comparable coercion.

Above all, don't nag.

A mother's own attitude toward herself is still basic to her ability to be consistent.

If she realises that "mothering is my job and following through is good mothering," her ability to be consistent will grow — gradually but steadily — until that happy day when her children know "My mother means what she says."







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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

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Shred your Kraft Cheddar best cheese for shredding

This is the cheese that shreds easily every time. Its mellow Cheddar flavour brings a tantalising touch of new interest to favourite family dishes. It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese . . . that's why Kraft Cheddar is so rich in strengthening protein, essential vitamins and minerals. Kraft Cheddar is truly a bargain in nutrition. Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz., 1 lb. and family-size 2 lb. packets. Also in 1 oz. portions.

They'll love these

GOLDEN SCRAMBLED EGGS

Ingredients: 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk; pinch of salt and pepper; 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; ½ oz. butter (1 dessertspoon); 2 slices hot, buttered toast, crusts trimmed.

Method: Beat eggs, add milk, salt, pepper and shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Melt butter in a frying pan and pour in mixture. Cook until just set, stirring to prevent sticking. Serve over the hot buttered toast. 2 servings.

For a savoury variation to scrambled eggs:

Melt the butter in a frying pan and fry 1 onion, chopped, until tender, add 1 cooked potato, sliced, and 1 tomato, sliced; cook for few minutes. Prepare scrambled egg mixture and pour over vegetables; cook over a gentle heat, shaking the frying pan occasionally until egg mixture is just set. 3 servings-

FROM THE KRAFT



KITCHEN

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962 4

EVEGETABLES INEFANCY DRESS *****

 Vegetables need not be just another way of filling up a plate. When combined with sauces, unusual seasonings or in interesting medleys, they can be the whole dish itself. This three-page feature gives many recipes for dressing-up vegetables in new ways.

A USTRALIA'S new interest in European cookery is producing some vegetable recipes that make them an attractive feature of a meal. The vegetables range from the simplest and often despised to the unusual and slightly more expensive.

All spoon measurements are level and the sight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all the recipes in this feature.

ROMAN EGGPLANT

One medium-sized egyplant (pecled and cut into, in. slices), 4oz. butter or substitute (melted), 1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs, 4 teaspoon salt, 1 can spaghetti sauce, oregano, 1 cup shredded processed cheese or mozzarella

Dip eggplant slices in butter, then in mix-ture of breadcrumbs and salt. Place on greased oven-slide, spoon over the spaghetti sauce. Sprinkle each slice lightly with oregano and cheese. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes or until piping-hot. Serve garnished with parsley.

BAKED SHOESTRING POTATOES

Four medium-sized potatoes (peeled), 2oz. butter, 11 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup finely chopped shallots, 1 cup grated processed cheese, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped paraley, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, extra chopped paraley.

Cut length of aluminium foil, fold it in half to fit shallow baking-dish. Cut potatoes in thin strips lengthwise, as for french fries, and place just off centre on foil. Dot with butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper, shallots, cheese, and paraley. Pull edges of foil upward, then pour cream over potatoes. Fold foil carefully like a package. Place in baking-dish, bake in very hot oven about 1 hour or until potatoes are soft. Fold back edges of foil, sprinkle potatoes with extra chopped paraley.

SAVORY RED CABBAGE

SAVORY RED CABBAGE

One small red cabbage, 1 onion, 3 small apples, 1 bay leaf, pinch thyme, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cloves, 1 dessertspoon butter or inbstitute, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3 dessertspoons ugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, extra vinegar, iait, pepper, 2 cups water.

Wash cabage, shred, remove thick inner salk Place in saucepan with water, butter, sliced onion, peeled, cored and sliced apples, pepper, bay leaf thyme, cinnamon, and cloves. Simmer with lid on approximately 10 minutes until tender. Stir in salt, vinegar, sugar and cornflour blended with little extra vinegar. Reflove bay leaf and cloves, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Serve hot.

VEGETABLE CHOW MEIN

Four ounces butter or substitute, 3 cups coarsely shredded cabbage, 1 cup diagonally cut celery, 1 cup thinly sliced carrot-rounds, 1 green pepper (seeds removed and cut into strips), 1 cup chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 1 small can evaporated milk.

Melt butter in large pan, add cabbage, celery, carrot, pepper, onion, salt and pepper. Cover, cook over medium heat until vegetables are just slightly tender (about 5 minutes). Add evaporated milk and heat thoroughly, stirring gently once or twice. Serve hot.

SWEET CORN AND CHEESE

Four or six medium-sized cobs of young corn, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 11b. cheese, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon mustard, toast slices, parsley.

Drop corn cobs in boiling water, cook 15 to 20 minutes. Add salt for last 5 minutes of cooking time. Drain, strip corn from cobs with sharp knife, place corn back in saucepan with melted butter. Place grated cheese, beaten eggs, milk, little extra salt, pepper, and mustard in saucepan. Stir over heat until cheese is melted and mixture thickened. Fold in corn. Serve on toast garnished with paraley.

CHEESE BEAN SUPREME

CHEESE BEAN SUPREME.

One cup haricot beans (which have been soaked overnight in sufficient water to cover and 1 tablespoon bicarbonate of soda), 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 2 small onions, 1 sliced cooked carrot, 2 medium tomatoes (skinned and sliced), 2 rashers of bacon (diced and cooked), 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 2 cup vegetable stock, 2oz. grated cheese, breadcrumbs, melted butter.

Drain beans, add fresh water, cook uncovered 1 to 1½ hours or until tender. (Beans can be pressure-cooked 15 minutes instead to save time.) Melt fat in pan, add sliced onions; fry gently until golden brown. Add carrot and tomatoes. Simmer until soft. Add bacon and drained beans, mix well. Season with salt and pepper, add half the grated cheese, pour into greased ovenproof dish. Brown flour in pan, add stock gradually, stirring well. Season with salt and pepper, bring to boiling point, cook 3 minutes. Pour over bean mixture, sprinkle with remainder of cheese, cover with breadcrumbs, sprinkle with butter. Place in moderate oven until cheese has melted and is golden brown and mixture has reheated. Serve pipinghot, garnished with crisp grilled bacon rolls and parsley sprigs.

VEGETABLE CHOW MEIN and Roman eggplant are two of the recipes in this special three-page feature of unusual vege-table dishes. Recipes at left.

SPINACH ROULADE

Four to five tablespoons cooked spinach, loz. butter, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon grated parmesan

butter, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoons cooked spinach, loz. butter, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon grated parmesan cheese.

Put butter in saucepan and allow just to take color, then add spinach and cook for several minutes over moderate heat to dry well, stirring constantly. Draw aside, beat in the egg-yolks and cheese. Whip egg-whites until firm, fold into spinach. Turn into greased and lined swiss-roll tin, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Turn out, spread quickly with mushroom filling, and roll up. Serve at once. Mushroom Filling: Three or four ounces mushrooms, loz. butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup cream or milk, salt, pepper.

Fry mushrooms in butter in small pan, remove from heat, stir in flour. Add milk or cream, bring slowly to the boil, stirring constantly. Season well with salt and pepper and keep hot until required.

Continued overleaf

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By LEILA C. HOWARD OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT THE Australian Women's Wherly - February 28, 1962

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VEGETABLES IN FANCY DRESS

Continued

CHEESE-FLAVORED shortcrust pastry teams well with the flavor of asparagus and celery in the fill-ing of this dish— Lenten luncheon pie.

breakfast

GOLDEN CHEESED CAULIFLOWER

GOLDEN CHEESED CAULIFLOWER
One medium-sized cauliflower, salt, §
cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons prepared
mustard (more or less according to taste),
§ cup shredded sharp processed cheese, 1
tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Leaving cauliflower whole, remove
leaves and woody base; wash well. Place
in saucepan, cover with salted water, boil
12 to 15 minutes: drain well. Place cauliflower in shallow baking-dish, sprinkle
with little salt. Mix mayonnaise and
mustard; spread over cauliflower, sprinkle
with grated cheese. Bake in moderate
oven about 10 minutes or until cheese
melts and browns lightly. Serve hot
sprinkled with parsley.

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Inner foil seal and replaceable airtight lid

Give your family the nourishing

goodness of Uncle Toby's Oats

- summer style. Straight from

the pack, it's delicious!

LENTEN LUNCHEON PIE

One bunch asparagus or 1 large can asparagus spears, salted water, 1 cup chopped celery, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. flour, salt, pepper, 2 cups milk, little cayenne pepper, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped roughly), juice 1 lemon, lemon slices to garnish, 1 cheese-flavored pastry flap.

flan.

Cook asparagus: Cut off at least lin of lower part of stalk. Wash well. Scrape stalks lightly but thoroughly with downward strokes of knife. Cut white stalks from tips, leaving 1½ to 2in. of white below tips. Tie tips into bundle, chop white stalks into lin. lengths. Sund bundled asparagus in boiling, salted water, with water coming to within lin of tips (the tips cook in the steam). Cover, cook approximately 20 to 25 minutes. Lift out carefully, untie, and allow to cool.

Heat butter in saucepan, add celey and saute few minutes until softened but

Heat butter in saucepan, add celery and saute few minutes until softened but not brown. Stir in flour, little salt and pepper, cook I minute without browning. Stir in milk, cook over heat until thickened. Season with little cayenne pepper, add egg pieces, lemon juice, chopped asparagus; mix lightly through. Pile into heated pastry flan, decorate with lemon slices. Serve piping-hot.

VEGETABLE HOTPOT

VEGETABLE HOTPOT

Two cups cooked macaroni, 3 cups cooked vegetables (peas, carrots, parsnips, celery, potato), 1 peeled and chopped tomato. 1 diced onion, 2 teaspoons worcsstershire sauce, 1 cup stock, 40z grated tasty cheese, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 sliced tomato.

Mix together macaroni, vegetables, diced tomato, onion, worcestershire sauce, and stock. Place in ovenpfool dish in layers with cheese and breadcrumbs, finishing with cheese and breadcrumbs. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Place sliced tomato on top, return to oven for further 10 minutes. Serve garmished with parley.

GREEN BEAN ROLL-UPS

GREEN BEAN ROLL-UPS

One pound green beans, 3 rashers bacon (rind removed), 1 cup self-raising flour, 4 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk.

Remove strings and ends from beam, cut in half; cook in boiling salted water until tender but not soft. Dice bacon, saute in its own fat until crisp. Prepare cheese pastry: Sift flour, salt, and cayenne, rub in butter, then add cheese and bacon. Beat egg and milk together, add to dry ingredients, mix to soft dourth, adding more milk if necessary. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to in thickness. Cut into circles 4in, in diameter. Place bundle of cooked beans on each round, roll up, leaving ends open. Moisten ends so they will hold, glaz with milk and arrange well apart on a well-greased oven-slide. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes or until pastry is cooked. Serve hot with cream sauce.

Cream Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in saucepan, add 1 tablespoon butter fover heat until well mixed. Add 4 cap milk, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Cook further 3 minuti-Season with salt and pepper. Remove from heat, fold in 4 cup cream or evaporated milk and 1 teaspoon mixed mustard.

CAULIFLOWER RING

CAULIFLOWER RING

One medium-sized cauliflower, I onios, I tablespoon butter or substitute, salt and pepper to taste, ‡ teaspoon paprila, 2 eggs, 2 cups white sauce, ‡ cup soft breadcrumbs, ‡lb. tomatoes, lemon sices and hard-boiled eggs to garnish, extra butter.

wash cauliflower, cook in boiling salted water 20 minutes. Drain, chop into small pieces. Brown finely chopped onion is melted butter, mix with cauliflower, scason with salt, pepper, and paprika. Add white sauce mixed with beaten eggyolks. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten eggwhites. Pour into a greased ring-fin, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with extra butter. Stand in dish of warm water and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes or until set. Turn out on to hot serving-dish, fill centre with suateed chopped tomatoes, garnish with hard-boiled egg and lemon slices.

Uncle Toby's FRUIT SALAD

UNCLE TOBYS OATS

> MANLY OAT SAYS: SERVE STRAIGHT

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No cooking required!

Do it easy! Put 2 heaped dessertspoons of Uncle Toby's straight from the pack into a plate. Add any sliced-up fresh or tinned fruit, sprinkle mixed dried fruit over the top. Add a little milk. Let it stand for a few minutes until oats are soft and creamy. Add more milk if you wish.

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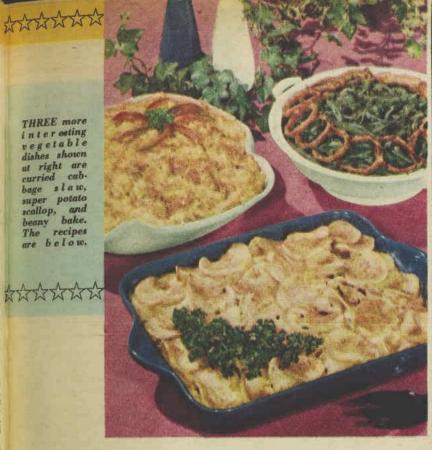
Your morning Uncle Toby's has all the natural protein of the whole grain. It supplies you with day-long energy. Milk Make this daily treat for all the family.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL BREAKFAST OF ALL

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

THREE more inter esting vegetable dishes shown at right are curried cab-bage slaw, super potato scallop, and beany bake. The recipes are below.



CURRIED CARRAGE SLAW

Two cups water, 1 bouillon cube, 1 bay leaf, 3 whole cloves, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 medium-sized cabbage (shredded), 1 onion (finely chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 40z. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, dash black pepper, 1½ cups commercial sour cream, ½ cup fine dry breadcrumbs.

cup fine dry breadcrumbs.

Simmer water, bouillon cube, bay leaf, cloves, and half teaspoon salt in large saucepan 5 minutes; remove bay leaf and cloves. Add cabbage, cover and simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Drain, reserve half cup broth. Saute onion and garlic in butter or substitute 3 minutes, blend in flour, curry powder, salt and pepper. Stir in sour cream and reserved stock. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until sauce boils and thickens. Combine sauce and cabbage, Turn into greased catserole, sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in hot oven 10 to 20 minutes or until crumbs are lightly browned. Serve piping-hot.

SUPER POTATO SCALLOP

One can mushroom soup, 2 cup milk, salt, pepper, 6 potatoes, 2 onions, loz. butter, paprika.

Combine mushroom soup with milk, season with salt and pepper. Peel and thinly slice potatoes and omions. Arrange in alternate layers in well-greased casserole dish, pouring little soup mixture between layers. Sprinkle top with paprika, dot with butter. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Remove cover, continue baking further 15 to 20 minutes or until potatoes are tender and top browned lightly. Serve garnished with parsley.

STUFFED TOMATOES WITH MUSHROOMS

Eight medium-sized tomatoes, 8 mushrooms, 11oz. butter or substitute, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon finely chopped paraley, 4 tablespoons stock or water, 1 teaspoon flour, salt, pepper, pinch nutnieg, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour. Cut thick slike from the salt of the salt of

autineg, I tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, pinch nutnineg, I tablespoon butter, I tablespoon flour.

Cut thick slice from top of each tomato, remove pulp, reserve for sauce. Remove stalks from muhrcoms, chop stalks finely. Meltbutter in pan, add finely chopped onion, and cook until lightly browned. Add chopped mushroom stalks, cook further 3 or 4 minutes. Remove from heat, add parsley, breadcrumbs, and sufficient stock to moisten. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Fill tomato-cases with this mixture. Place on greased oven-tides, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Meanwhile, saute whole mushrooms in 1 table-spoon butter or substitute 5 to 7 minutes, remove. Add flour to pan, stir until smooth. Add tomato pulp and little stock or water if necessary, stir until sauce boils and thickens; reason. Place mushroom-cap on top of each tomato and serve with sauce.

BAKED ONION PIQUANT

BAKED ONION PIQUANT

Eight medium-sized onions, } cup chopped sauteed bacon, 1 cup minced cooked liver, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 1 diced apple, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2oz. soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 12oz. shortcrust pastry, milk. Peel onions, cook in boiling salted water 5 minutes; drain and carefully remove centres, leaving the cavities. Combine bacon, liver, nuts, apple, curry powder, and breadcrumbs; bind with beaten egg, season to taste with salt and pepper. Fill mixture into cavity in onions. Roll pastry thinly, cut into 5in. squares. Place one onion on each piece of pastry, wrap by moistening edge and bringing the four points up to the centre and pressing together. Brush with milk, place on a greased tray, and bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, cook further. 10 minutes. Serve hot.

CHOKOES SUPREME

CHOKOES SUPREME

Four large chokoes, 1 cup cooked flaked fish, ½ cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 3 or 4 tablespoons grated cheese, tomato wedges and parsley to garnish.

Wash and peel chokoes, cut in halves, scoop out centre seed. Cook gently in small quantity of water until tender—do not allow to break up. Drain carefully. Combine white sauce, fish, lemon juice, worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Pile fish mixture into centre cavities of chokoes. Coat liberally with grated cheese, brown lightly under hot griller or in moderate oven. Serve garnished with tomato wedges and parsley.

BUTTERED BEETROOT

BUTTERED BEETROOT

BUTTERED BEETROOT

One bunch medium-sized beetroot, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon sugar,
3 large lettuce leaves, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon
chopped chives or parsley.

Peel beetroot, slice into thin strips. Place
butter in pan; when melted add the sugar and
beetroot. Immediately spread over lettuce leaves
which have been washed and are still dripping
with water. Cover, cook slowly 20 to 25
minutes. Remove lettuce leaves, add salt and
pepper to taste, and sprinkle over the chopped
chives or parsley.

BEANY BAKE

One pound green beans, salt, water, 1 can

BEANY BAKE

One pound green beans, salt, water, 1 can mushroom soup, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 3 onions, seasoned flour, 1 beaten egg mixed with 2 tablespoons milk, fat or oil, salt, pepper.

Top and string beans and cut into even-sized pieces, boil in salted water until tender; drain. Meanwhile, peel onions and cut into slices, separate rings, and chill in iced water. Drain, then dip first into egg mixture and then into seasoned flour. Fry in hot fat or oil until golden. Drain on absorbent paper. Reserve a few nice rings for garnish and fold remainder into beans. Add mushroom soup, soy sauce, and season with salt and pepper if needed. Fill into a well-greased dish, top with reserved onion-rings, and bake until piping-hot.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962



A tasty baste for barbeques FRENCH DRESSING

- 1 tbisp. Keen's mustard 1 cup salad oil •
- 2 tblsps, sugar 1 tblsp, grated onion •
- 1 cup Holbrook's vinegar 1 tblsp. chopped green pepper (optional) • 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 1 tsp. pepper 1 tsp. salt

Mix dry ingredients in large wide-topped bottle. Stir in salad oil, add onion, green pepper and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Add Holbrook's vinegar and soup. Cover tightly and shake well until blended and thick. A mouth-watering addition to any meal ... indoors or out.

A Zesty lift for Salads MAGIC MAYONNAISE

- 1 tblsp. Keen's mustard 1½ cups milk ●
- 3 tblsps. sugar 1 cup Holbrook's vinegar
- 4 tblsps. flour 2 eggs ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tblsps. butter few grains of cayenne

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler, slowly add Holbrook's vinegar and eggs (beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add the butter



Give every meal man appeal with KEEN'S





Prize for chicken dish

The flavors of chicken, onion, lemon, shallots, parsley, mushrooms, and apple juice are all combined in the £5 prizewinning recipe in this week's contest.

MONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for two sweet recipes - a pastry slice filled with a tangy lemonand-passionfruit mixture and honey fruit rolls which are

CHICKEN CHASSEUR
One chicken (about 3 to 34lb.), seasoned flour, 4 teaspoon thyme, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tomatoes (chopped), 4 tablespoons chopped chives or shallots, 2 tablespoons (shopped parsley, 4lb. mushrooms (sliced), 1 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup apple juice or pineapple juice, extra chopped parsley.

Cut chicken into pieces, coat with flour to which the thyme has been added. Fry in heated butter in pan until golden, turning frequently. Arrange chicken in greased casserole dish, add onion, sugar, lemon juice, chopped tomators, chives or shallots, parsley, sliced muthrooms, salt, and apple or pineapple juice. Gover, bake in moderate oven about I hour or until chicken is tender. Serve aprinkled with little extra chopped parsley.

parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. McCor-mack, "Bingel-La," Jambin, Callide Valley, Qld.

Valley, Old.

LEMON AND PASSIONFRUIT SLICES

Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, beat in eggs, work in the sifted flour, salt, and cornflour. Knead lightly on floured board, divide in two. Roll out one portion, tine shallow 11in. x 7in. tin. Fill with filling (see below), cover with remaining pastry which has been rolled out thinly. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes or until cooked and golden. Allow to cool, then cut into slices for serving.

20 to 30 minutes or until cooked and golden. Allow to cool, then cut into slices for serving.

Filling: Two and a half cups water, 1½ cups sugar, grated rind 2 lemons, 5 tablespoons cornflour, extra ½ cup water, 2 eggs (well beaten), 20z. butter or substitute, juice 2 lemons, pulp 4 passion-fruit.

Place the water, sugar, and lemon rind in saucepan, bring to the boil. Blend cornflour with extra water, strinto lemon mixture. Cook over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat, add beaten egg, butter, lemon juice, and passionfruit pulp. Return to heat, simmer further 1 or 2 minutes. Gool before using.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mr. A. May, 1 Byora Crescent, Northbridge, N.S.W.

May, 1 Byora Crescent, Northbridge, N.S.W.

HONEY FRUIT ROLLS

Four ounces butter or substitute, for sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt.

Filling: Four ounces dried figs, &a. dried apricots, 4oz. crystallised cherries, loz. mixed peel, &a. chocolate, 23rd cup honey, ½ cup finely chopped almonds, little milk.

Cream butter and sugar together. Add milk and vanilla to eggs, beat well. Sift flour, salt, and baking-powder, add alternately with egg mixture to butter and sugar. Mix well together; chill. Prepare filling: mince fruit and grace chocolate. Combine with honey, stand 2 to 3 hours while dough is chilling. Roll dough out thinly on floured board, cut into 3in. squares. Place generous amount of filling on each square; roll up. Brush with milk and top each with sprinkling of chopped almonds. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until lightly browned.

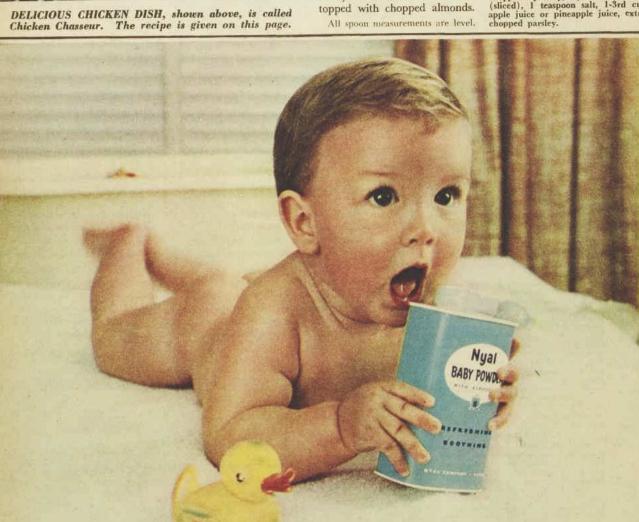
Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Hinscliff, 90 Ivanhoe St., Bassendean, W.A.

Readers are invited to send in their favorite recipes to our weekly recipe contest. Please type or write recipes clearly and use level spoon measurements. Address entries to Prize Recipes Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

HOUSEWIVES' HINTS

 Time-saving hints sent in by readers save precious minutes for housewives. Each one wins £1/1/-.

To prevent creases when men's trousers are hung on a hanger, loop a piece of cardboard over the hanger rod. Don't fold or bend cardboard, just let it curve smoothly, and fasten the bottom with paper-clips. This hint is recommended if trousers are to be hung for any length of time without being worn.-Mrs. M. Kenny, Murton Avenue, Holland Park, Brisbane

Discarded lace or net curtains folded into several thicknesses and machined across a few times will make good dish-clothx.—Mrs. H. Robertson, P.O., The Entrance, N.S.W.

A cloth dampened with warm milk will polish patent leather purses and shoes ivory piano keys (and make them shine), sponge out slight scorch marks on white fabrics, polish any white leather surface, which should then be rubbed until dry, and when some soap has been added will keep white paint surfaces glossy.—Mrs. J. Pollard, 13 Galway Grove, Tranmere, S.A.

When packing a hat for travelling, it is a good idea to place hat in plastic hag and inflate it slightly so there is an inch space around the hat. This prevents crushing.—Mrs. W. Dimmock, Glendon Brook, via Singleton, N.S.W.

Throw newly washed chenille bed-spreads over the line exactly half-way with the right side in. The sides will rub against each other in the drying process and the tufted pattern will be fluffed up like new.—Mrs. C. E. Smith, P.O. Box 98, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

Use up soap pieces by placing in a large glass jar and fill with water. Each washday pour off the liquid jelly into the washing machine and refill jar with water.—Mrs. B. McGinniss, 52 Lawler Street, South Perth.

An old fountain pen with a damaged nib makes a good one-drop oiler for stwing-machines. Clean the pen, dry it, and fill with a light lubricating oil.—Mrs. A. Mansfield, 12 Fourth Avenue, St. Peters. S.A. St. Peters, S.A.

Before taking a newspaper to an in-Before taking a newspaper to an invalid's room, fasten the pages together in the centre with two safety-pins. Your patient will be grateful, for it will save that arm-aching job of putting back the pages each time they fall out of place when being turned over.—Mrs. A. Ashdown, 10 Stubles Street, North Auburn, N.S.W.

To keep toddler's nappy from slipping down, use three pins instead of two, the first one pinning the waist ends firmly, the other two as usual at side fronts. Turn out leg edges to make cuffs — looks smart, too.—Mrs. M. O'Sullivan, Transport Branch, Treasury Dept., Rabaul, N.G.

An economical and tidy cover for a kitchen stool can be made by slipping a plastic shower-cap over the seat. It is easily removed for cleaning—Miss A. Lee, 5 Clarence Street, South Perth.

• If you have a hint you would like to pass on to other readers, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

For more efficient dusting use a baking-soda. The hint also applies damp chamois leather instead of a to cooking utensils to get rid of duster. As well as removing dust, it erases finger marks and makes woodwork shine without extra effort.—Mrs. E. Sutton, 1 Primrose Street, Wendouree West, Ballarat, Vic.

fin wax over the bottom inside of your rubbish bin and it will prevent To remove odors from hands just rust.—Mrs. I. Nicholson, 4 Wellman rub them with a little moistened St., Box Hill, Vic.

FOR THE CHILDREN . . .

When very young children want to paint try giving them a bowl with a small amount of household blue dissolved in a little water. This makes it easy to remove "paint" marks from clothes.—Mrs. S. McDonnell, 164 Manners Street, Tenterfield, N.S.W.

At children's parties decorate the drinking glasses by dip-ping the rims in cold water and while still moist dipping them in a bowl of hundreds-and-thousands.—Mrs. Thekla Koutsonis, P/S 1568, Home Hill, Nth. Qld.

When making toy animals I use stiffened nylon thread (the type made for threading necklaces) for the whiskers. It looks wonderfully realistic and is tough.—Mrs. V. Kellon, Box 11, The Valley Post Office, Gladstone, Qld.





Comfort and fit for the men in your family

Bond's "S'port" briefs give a man the special comfort he needs every day. The exclusive horizontal fly is convenient; the comfort pouch provides essential support. There's further comfort in the easy-fitting boilproof waistband which is guaranteed to last the life of the briefs. In Interlock or "Coral Island" airvent cotton. Polythene packed...at stores everywhere.

Interlock "S'port" Briefs Interlock "S'port" Briefs "Coral Island" 7/6

garment itself. The 100% pure super-carded cotton that retains its soft smoothness after years of wear and machine washings. The streamlined fit gives "muscle freedom" and men and boys love it.

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"Coral Island" 9/6 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

Chesty Bond Athletics still sell at the 1953 price!

That is one big reason why Bonds sell over five million

each year. But really the value goes deeper, to the



NEW SLENDERLINE NAPKINS BY KOTEX*

... completely new slender shape that adds comfort, adds protection

body contour. Wonderful comfort! Increased protection!

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smooth, never twists or rolls. layers of absorbent softness. of napkin to be worn away from Greater security!

Incredible softness!

More compact - stays flat and Special side strips, plus extra New blue thread indicates side the body. New convenience!

Kotex is confidence



"Kitex is a trade muck of Kimberts Clark Corn

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962



ANNUALS in full bloom flood the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Lloyd, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., with color and fragrance. Back row is purple and white stock; next wallflowers, then a border of primulas.

FOR WINTER COLOR

• The gardener who wants blooms for cutting or garden decoration during winter should be sowing some hardy annuals now.

flowered Special stocks should be sown now in boxes. When big enough to handle, they should be set out in soil that has been available as and the set out in soil that has been available as and the set out in soil that has been available as a south or south-east when transplanting. Regular doses of DDT will check the leaf miner flies to which cinerarias are prone. These pests cause tunnels in the leaves when the eggs hatch out and the grubs burrow into been well limed or treated the leaf tissue with superphosphate.

Stake and tie up the big, tall-growing stocks, for they often spread well over 2ft. 6in. in width, and some will grow to 3ft. 6in. tall, if given good soil and adequate feeding during summer and early autumn.

ing summer and early autumn.
During winter, wallflowers
fill the air with fragrance and
the garden with bright gold,
red, mahogany, brown, and
yellow. They often continue
blooming right through spring
if the spent flowers are regularly removed.

Spencer sweet-peas can be
sown until early April. If
sprayed with lime sulphur to
keep down mildew, and occasionally dosed with DDT to
kill thrips (which on this plant
cause spotted wilt), they will
bloom in late winter and early
spring.

spring.

Jumbo Giant seed will produce huge blooms. Others worth sowing are the old and very beautiful Englemann's Giants, Roggli Giants, and Large French Stained.

The soil for sweet peas needs to be extra good. A 12in. trench, or deeper, filled with the ashes from a garden fire or incinerator, plus superphosphate or dolomite or well-composted garden rubbish, will lengthen stems and give good blooms.

Cinerarias, being brittle and give good blooms. Cinerarias, being brittle and

types. The new Japanese bedding THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

SEEDS of Giant Column with fleshy leaves that mark or break easily, should be well spaced in seed-boxes. Give stocks, Trysomic stocks,
Giant Perfection, Mammoth, Nice, and tall large-

GARDENING

Pansies and violas will make gorgeous displays of color in late winter and spring. Sow in seed-boxes.

Small plants such as pansies

Small plants such as pansies and violas, which hug the ground, are an invitation to slugs and snails, and these pests should be baited for before transplanting. Unless this is done, they will cause considerable damage.

Primulas should be sown immediately. Primula malacoides (fairy primulas) are in white, cream, pale pink, mauve, carmine, and a reddish shade. Primula kewensis, a hybrid, has bright yellow flowers and good fragrance.

good fragrance.

The Iceland poppy sowing season can extend into March. Rainbow and Lustrous Giants and the dainty pastels are among the best.

Petunias will withstand Fght frosts, and if sown round about March will bloom right through winter, except in the coldest districts.

The bedding petunias, in-cluding Glitters (red-and-white star in centre), are hardy

petunias, Color Parade, and their wonderful double-frilled and hybrid grandiflora types are now obtainable from Syd-ney and Melbourne seedsmen. In most places there is still time to sow seed and get good flowering plants before frosts

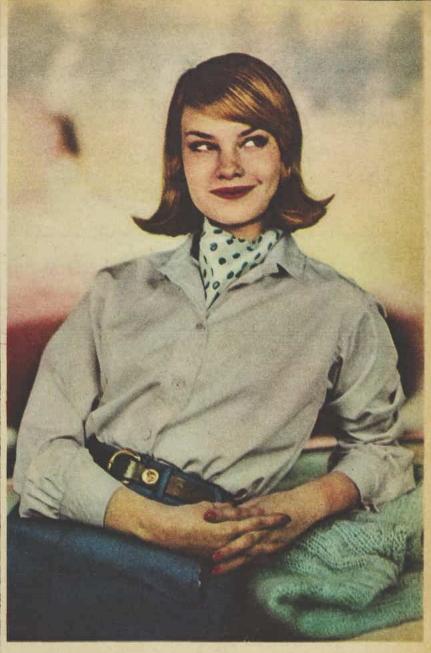
Octur.

Other seeds to plant now for colorful winter blooming are mignonette (a still delightful old-fashioned favorite), ageratum, dianthus, lupins (the tree lupin in pink, yellow, blue, and pearl is best), snapdragons, and verbenas.

There is also the attractive many - colored Livingstone daisy, nemophila, Sweet William, and its hybrid, Sweet Wivelsfield, which grows taller, and has bigger, though fewer, flowers.

Two dependable late winter bloomers are the dainty and fairy-like linarias and the lower-growing nemesia.

TO PREPARE A TO PREPARE A SEED-BOX: The box should be of wood, about 20-24in. long and 10-12in. wide and 4in. deep, with the bottom well perforated with holes for drainage. Lay fine coke, cinders, or small lumpy charcoal to lin. depth. Fill box to within lin. of top with sandy loam. Press flat, moisten, and the following day sow seed in ing day sow seed in shallow drills. Cover with seed - box soil (small seeds to ‡in., medium to Jin., large to Jin., and cover box with glass or plastic sheet until germination. Water lightly.



THERE'S ALSO A NEW DAINTY SLENDERLINE BELT BY KOTEX*

It's as pretty as your daintiest lingerie

Specially woven in new soft-stretch elastic . . . delicately trimmed with the palest blue lace-edging. Easily adjustable to your own waist size. Stays flat and smooth . . . never folds. Self-locking clasp holds the Kotex napkin secure at all times.

Combine your Slenderline belt with new Kotex Slenderline napkins-for lasting comfort and protection.

LOOK FOR THE NEW KOTEX SLENDERLINE BELT IN THIS LUXURY 'ROSE' PACK



KK400

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hadn't even thought about the furnace, "Yes, if you wouldn't mind. It prob-ably needs water."

ably needs water."

It did, she could hear the rush in the pipes moments later. And then silence. How fortuitous, but still how odd, that it should have entered his head to look at the furnace. She couldn't recall ever having mentioned that particular problem. Into her own mind, never quite forgotten, lashed the first glimpse the had had of him: hand going out cautiously to try the front door, head tipped listeningly.

Walking crisply, she went to the

down, "Is it all right?"
"Seems to be, but it belongs to the Dark Ages." His voice sounded very distant, but seconds later he appeared at the bottom of the stairs and came up toward her. Something gave her the impression that he had had to

Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

hurry. She said involuntarily, "There's a cobweb—" and at her glance he slapped a hand over his dark head.

dark head.

He had stared at her without seeing her at first, but that might have been the brilliance of the kitchen after the dim stairs. "I'm at the Paraguero Call me, will you, if anything comes up, or there's something I can do?"

Walking crisply, she went to the cellar door, pushed it wider, called down, "Is it all right?"

"Seems to be, but it belongs to the Dark Ages." His voice sounded very ised emptily that there was no need to do that any more, certainly not in the daytime. Julio Garcia was dead. She had not fired the gun at him.

nor aimed the car that had killed him, but she was responsible, just

from page 30

the same and the car that had killed the same.

And why didn't Cornelia and Chillip telephone? Contrary to what the had told Kincaid, she didn't feel inderstanding at all; she felt grownely angry at both of them. They cane she was unable to get in touch with them, no matter what the intergency, and yet they went blithely on their way. Perhaps they were superstitiously afraid of bad news and a summons to cut their vacation short: It was still an unforgivable thing to do.

Part of her rush of feeling was fear masquerading as anger; suppose some—

thing had happened to them? Nonsense! She would have leard. It was much more likely that Philip had emerged from a phone both in a service station or restaurant, smiling all Cornelia, saying. "I just called Margaret hought I might as well while I was there. Everything's fine."

It was the keind of thing Philip had emerged from a phone both in a service station or restaurant, smiling all cornelia, saying. "I just called Margaret hought I might as well while I was there. Everything's fine."

It was the keind of thing Philip first, and for which he would have an engaging explanation later. Margaret realised with shock how completely, almost without her know-ing it, her feeling for Philip had the merged from a phone both in a service station or restaurant, smiling all was there. Everything's fine."

It was the keind of them? And was there is a thought I might as well while I was there. Everything's fine."

And why didn't Cornelia and Cornelia, saying. "I just called Margaret hought I might as well while I was there. Everything's fine."

It was the kind of thing Philip had merged from a phone both in a service station or restaurant, smiling all twas there is thought I was there. Everything's fine."

It was the kind of them? And happened to them? And was phone both in a service station or restaurant, smiling all cornelia, saying. "I just called Margaret hought I was there kind of them?"

And was the kind of banches and of them?

And a unimal transportation of the him, but she was responsible, just the same.

And why didn't Cornelia and Philip telephone? Contrary to what she had told Kincaid, she didn't feel understanding at all; she felt growingly angry at both of them. They knew she was unable to get in touch with them, no matter what the emergency, and yet they went blithely on their way. Perhaps they were superstitiously afraid of bad news and a summons to cut their vacation short; it was still an unforgivable thing to do.

masquerading as anger: suppose some-

Rinso

bestowed. Mrs. Foale, Margaret, and Cornelia, in that order, and in how short a time? Odd now that she thought about it, that a man so charm-ingly selfish should allow himself to be swayed so readily. Selfish people gener-ally hewed to a line, made for a single-

ally hewed to a line, made for a single goal.

Margaret discovered her lingers curied so tightly into her palms that the mills bit. She unclenched them, wondering shakenly at herself, and went in to check up on Hilary.

Hilary was playing with the pupper Kineaid had brought her, dangling it absorbedly over the edge of her bed. Her bent position and the exertion of not tangling the strings rurned her face an alarming red. Margaret persuaded her to sit high against banked pillows instead, felt her hands, looked for the jar of jam she had left there because Hilary never took aspirin without it, found it, mass of strawberries and smashed glass under the bureau, and gazed inquiringly at Hilary.

Hilary saw the glance coming. "Does

at Hilary.

Hilary saw the glance coming. "Does your friend Mr. Kincaid know Mrs. Foale?"

Does he, indeed? "No. What happened to the icm?"

Does he, indeed? "No. What happened to the jem?"
"It broke,"
"I thought it just might have," said Margaret pleasantly, with a vision of herself squeezing out a sponge implanted with jagged slivers, "and I think I remember telling you that it certainly would if you went anywhere near it."

ary's face took on a downtrodden expression. "I thought it might be good for my throat, like honey, only you never buy any honey, and I didn't want to bother you."

"Oh! Well, thank you, Hilary," and Margaret containedly. "That was very thoughtful."

There was no more jam, only marmalade. Hilary took her aspirin in that, shuddering prolongedly, while Margaret picked the biggest pieces of glass out of the heaped strawberries, cut henelf in spite of her care, and finally resorted to wet paper towels. When she had finished and stood up rather tiredly—at least this was jam, not blood, her mind said — Hilary was subdued, "I asked about Mr. Kincaid berause doesn't this look kind of like Mrs. Foale?"

The puppet danced jerkedly on the bedspread. It was a woman in a bright cotton fiesta dress, the crude wooden lace adorned with black-rimmed eyes, turved and expressionless black eyebrows, a red puppet smile that didn't know what was going on above. Hilary moved a finger, possibly by accident, and the black-painted head dropped senselessly down on the blue-and-orange breast.

"I think it does," said Hilary fondly, and Margaret said with an effort, "Wel, maybe."

She had only needed a jiggling wooden.

"I think it does," said Illiary Ionialy, and Margaret said with an effort, "Well, maybe."

She had only needed a jiggling wooden little Mrs. Foale, capable of sudden grinning leaps and fallings, to make her day perfect. No. she hadn't needed it. The memory of Julio Garcia's shadowed and foolish smile, his nightmare rineing of the door, her own iron refusal were quite enough.

"Police are investigating." She was obstructing justice, probably, by not reporting the time and the exact spot of San Rafael Road at which he had appeared, leaving blood from a bulletwound. Was she an accessory after the fact, simply through having washed the blood off the flagstones?

Margaret went into her own room, stretched out on her bed, and stared at the ceiling for some time. The ceiling was white and uninformative, and solved no problems at all. She sat up presently,

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WHITENESS AND BRIGHTNESS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE

Only Rinso has New Wonder Suds-Suds that keep on working, working long after other suds give up.

Get Rinso's new wonder suds working for you and see the dramatic difference in your wash. If you'd like to bring in a wash that's wonderfully white, wonderfully bright, sunnyfresh and fragrant, it's Rinso with new wonder suds for you. Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines.



A SE SERVICE AND A SERVICE AND Richer softer longer-lasting suds that give EXTRA WHITENESS jeen regisjed her at Gloed al 2 tijk 3 tel EXTRA BRIGHTNESS

NEW WONDER SUDS

NEW WONDER SUDS AND ONLY RINSO HAS THEM!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

pulled open the drawer of the bedside table, and used the telephone extension to dial the number Cornelia had left on the envelope there.

It drawled blankly back at her as it had Saturday noon when she had tried to get a doctor for Hilary. People away for the weekend, then, although Cornelia had said they didn't know anyone in the town, or an office of some kind.

third. The blue-and-yellow capsule was still there it said a good deal for Cornelia's distracted state of mind; she was religious about keeping all medicines safely contained in their properly identified bottles in a cabinet for the pur-

safety contained in their properly identified bottles in a cabinet for the purpose.

Margaret's fingers went out independently, dropped the capsule into the envelope, folded the envelope securely, thrust it back into the drawer.

Asked for a reason, she could only have produced a sequence of phrases that might bear no relation to each other. Philip had stayed in this house secretly with Mrs. Foale; Mrs. Foale had given Julio Garcia money; Julio Garcia was dead and Mrs. Foale was abroad; Philip and Cornelia were gone, too, and had not kept their promise to telephone; Cornelia who, so ill that Margaret was here on her account, had been doctored by telephone.

What had Muir said, in explanation? That the flu had been in many instances were, that when he wasn't in his office he had been at the hospital. Take a spider flashing into sight in an otherwise well-kept drawer came the hought that if Cornelia had died, Philip would be quite well off.

It was a relief to have the spider out, if only to dispose of it. Cornelia had not inherited her cousin's money until just before her marriage, and if it had been and a thunderbolt to her and Margaret, Philip, a total stranger to Miss Trumbell, could not possibly have known about it in advance. And any other predication was untinkable.

He had lived in Connecticut at one time of course, but the chances of his

was unthinkable.

He had lived in Connecticut at one time, of course, but the chances of his having known one elderly woman there so intimately that he was familiar with the contents of her will were so remote as to be impossible.

BESIDES, fifty thouand dollars really wasn't that much money, not with present living costs and to a man of Philip's tastes. Cornelia had some stock, of course, as had Margaret, it had been left to them by their parents. But even so . . .

Hilary's remembered voice said like a knell, "Mrs. Foale heralded money." What was she doing here, not disposing of the spidery thought at all but encouraging it, watching it flee secretly here and there?

Even if Philip could have coaxed Mrs.

Even if Philip could have coaxed Mrs. Feale's inheritance out of her, the very fact that she was abroad was proof that he hadn't. A young woman of wealth would hardly have married a man of Hadley Foale's age, and people didn't go to Europe on a shoestring. Nor did they mand contentedly by while the man who had bled them married someone younger and prettire.

nd prettier. Mrs. Foale's face, at the wedding.

Margaret jumped violently off her hed looked curiously at her own face in the mirror, washed it with bitingly cold water. She felt caught in a dangerous spiral from which only activity, any kind at all, could release her.

kind at all, could release her.

She brushed Hilary's pillow-matted hair, over Hilary's assertion that she had a very tender scalp, and dispatched her to the bathroom to put on fresh pyjamas while she changed the sheets and remade the bed. The pupper Mrs. Foale fell in a disjointed heap on the floor, clattering unpleasantly, and she put it on the bureau after an instantly averted glance at its face. Hilary's scrapbook emerged from under the pillow. Margaret picked it up and flipped the pages swiftly.

There was nothing asset for the pillow of the pages with the pages and the pages are picked in the pages with the pages and the pages are picked in the pages with the pages are picked in the pages with the pages are picked in the pages are paged to the pages are picked in the pages are pick

There was nothing new after the handkerchief, but Hillary had pencilled something on the facing pages in warily light, almost invisible writing. Margaret bent closes and read: "Letter in 1 out w."

The lock on the bathroom door cacked. When Hilary came in Margaret was sliding a fresh case over the pillow and tusning back the sheets; the scrapbook was on the bedside table. "Jump in," said Margaret, falsely bright, "and after I take your temperature I'll get us some lunch."

Letter in I out w. Add "1," cross out. "w" in some sort of written code Hilary had hatched up? No, Hilary would never waste her time on anything so childish as codes. She was staring straight shead of her like an image, the thermometer all but swallowed between the Australian Women's Weekly. — F

THE AUSTRACIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

her compressed lips, and Margaret glanced rovingly around the room.

Everything seemed in order, the bureau drawers closed as she had low left them after her search for Mrs. Foale's address book, the closet door goo innocent, the flowered linen curtains straight and unstirring although the sunlight was warm and one window.

was open.
"You have another minute to go,"
Margaret said lightly. "Fil be right

back."

Rapidly, silent as a thief, she went out the kitchen door and around the house until she was under Hilary's south window, the one whose screen had been unlatched by Hilary the night before. (How had she forgotten that?)

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The window looked deceptively low-set from inside the room; the construction of the house made it a good six feet to the curved adobe sill. Margaret did not have to search

Dried leaves had drifted about in the night, but with the sun overhead the shadow of the house was wiped out and she saw the wink of gold at

It was a lipstick case, not very next and empty, only a shell of gilded metal. Margaret fitted the top back on, dropped it into her pocket, and entered the house as cautiously as she had left it. Hilary's temperature was a little under 102, but it wasn't quavery, so I opened up that little

time yet for either aspirin or capsule.

Margaret put the thermometer away
and took the lipstick case out of her
pocket. She said very casually, "Is
this what you threw out the window
last night?"

last night?"

Hilary communed suspiciously with herself and nodded.

"Where did you find it?"

"In the piano."

"Oh," said Margaret thoughtfully. It didn't occur to her to doubt the truth of this. Hilary had never lied directly to her; like a conscientious adult, she had taken refuge in evasions and confusing half-statements. "Whereabouts in the piano?"

"Well, I happened to hit a key

part that lifts up—I thought I could fix it," said Hilary virtuously, "and there was this lipstick." "And what was in it?" "Nobody would put anything in an old lipstick," said Hilary depreca-

old lipstick," said Hilary depretatingly.
"Hilary. I happen to know there
was a letter in it. What did you do
with it?"

If she had not been so tense, Margaret could have laughed at Hilary's
jaw-dropped expression: the look attributed to undercover agents who are
presented, in a scorned underling,
with the superior they have been
ordered to contact. After a long pause
Hilary said, "I threw that out the
window, too. It isn't nice to read
other people's mail."

For which Margaret could read: "I

For which Margaret could read: "I thought I heard you coming and I was afraid to be caught with it."

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decision Not too big. If she picks Kellogg's

Honey Smacks, she can have Sugar Frosties * next week. And Coco-Pops * the week after. Three nourishing, tender-hearted cereals, with the sweet,

crisp taste that says: "The Best to You Each Morning".

HONEY SMACKS · SUGAR FROSTIES · COCO-POPS

"SWEET EATIN' ANY TIME!"

* Registered Trade Marks

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MUMMY!! MUMMY!!!

"Judy's hair used to be straight, but since her mother has started using Curippet on it, her hair's all lovely carly and wavy.

'Her bair smells beaut, foot

"Please, Mummy, get Curlypet for my bair; I want to look like Judy."

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10

Curlypet



However much earlier Hilary had found the lipstick, she badn't discovered its signifi-cance until moments before Margaret had opened her door the night before; otherwise she would have had it safely stowed away somewhere.

"Dear Mrs. Foale, or Dear Isabel?"

If Hilary noticed this lapse from virtue she didn't show it. "Dear Isabel. Can I have crambled eggs for lunch?"

did children?
Yes, At least Hilary had. For the first time since Margaret had seen her, a cool little bathrobed figure in the doorway of the hall, she was visibly shaken, not far from defiant tears, at something that bothered and bewildered any eight-year-old. But all she said was, stonily, "I don't know, Some man."

Margaret went on fixing her with a compelling eye. "But you saw who the letter was to."

"Mrs. Foale."

"In a minute. Who was the letter from?" Adults glanced automatically at signatures, but did children?

"I don't know. Some man."
Margaret knew from that, there was no need to say pressingly, "Philip?" She wouldn't have in any case. Apart from filiary's sensibilities (remarkably bouncy), what if Cornelia knew all about Philip's affair with Mrs. Foale and the two of them had been putting up

HOURS TO KILL Continuing . . .

an airy front for her, Mar-

an any garet?

In that case, if she gave any more emphasis to it, Hilary would go back to her parents—in the unlikely event that they ever cam for her—full of Philip's involvement with Another Woman, Margaret's black suspicions, any embroidery that occurred to her. The Revertons, in the manner of close friends, would hardly keep this to themselves.

Philip's deception might easily get back to the home office in New York, cause irre-mediable gossip, earn her a well-deserved bitterness in every quarter.

Unconsciously, Margaret had Unconsciously, Margaret had arrived at a landmark. The bare possibility in her mind now was not that there might be something wrong, but that everything might still be all

everything might still be all right.

What to do, apart from scrambling eggs for Hilary? Keep her head, obviously, remember that in spite of the peculiar slyness of the snapshot of Philip which Hilary had found tucked away among the books in the library and the letter concealed in a lipstick case, the whole rather ugly situation might be only that.

But, looked at in this new light, how odd Philip's switch of affection had been from the first. Margaret and Cornelia were so unlike each other that attraction to one would almost

attraction to one would aimost preclude attraction to the other. Margaret was rather untidy by nature: Cornelia was as neat as

from page 53

card index. Margaret had a card index. Margaret had flashes of temper and moods of savage depression; Cornelia was equable, with the long cool memory that goes with it. Margaret had had to be dragged into stores by Philip. Cornelia was a tireless shopper. And so on. It seemed impossible that a man could have been even briefly in love with one and then the other. then the other.

And there was the matter of no doctor for Cornelia. Philip had an imperious streak, and it was difficult to imagine him submitting meekly to a diagnosis by telephone, epidemfe or not. For that matter, the matter of the submitted of the submitte it was hard to believe that not a doctor in the town had been able to make a house call.

Margaret brought Hilary her scrambled eggs, bread, and butter because she couldn't manage toust yet, and a glass of milk that Hilary turned down in favor of ginger ale. Coming back, she said chattily, although she knew the answer, "Did Cornelia have a sore throat too?"

"No, she just had awful pains to, she just had await pains in her stomach and she threw up all the time. I didn't see her much, though. I irritated her," said Hilary primly.

Margaret let that go by. She said presently, "Well, what ever medicine she had fixed her up, and it will you, too."
"But she had to change

hers."
"She did?"

Hilary nodded, dropping a large cluster of egg on her bedspread and brushing it tidily off on to the floor. "She said it made her siker, so Philip called the doctor and took it back to the drugstore and got something else."

Careful, careful. "Unfortu-nately, you can't take medi-cine back," said Margaret lightly. "You're stuck with

"Well. Philip took it back. I wanted the bottle to keep paste in and he said he had to give it to the druggist. Will you play a game of checkers?"

"Yes," said Margaret, and she did. Red and black, an occupation for her fingers that didn't touch her mind. Antibiotics often had side effects, but why had Philip taken the bottle away with him—and why, if the capsules made her so sick, had Cornelia kept one?

"You can't jump your own man," said Hilary loudly

"Oh, I guess I can't. Where was I—here?"

"Oh, I guess I can't. Where was I—here?"

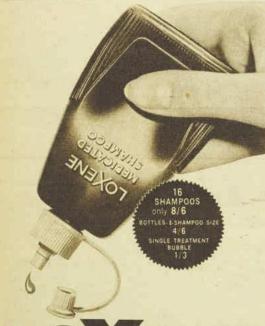
Other people's problems were always simple to solve; the wonder was that they made such a to-do about them. If it were not Cornelia and Philip involved, if this were a tale told to her by a worried friend of two faceless other people, the would say ... what would she say? "If he married the sister because he knew the was going to inherit the money, he must have been in the old lady's confidence. And if he was that close to her the lawyer would know about him, wouldn't he?"

Yes, he would. Margaret remembered his name, too, because it was the kind that turned up on droll lists of names-and-professions: Eugene Sharp, Torrington, Commeticut.

Cut.
She allowed her sole remaining man to be hunted down by Hilary's fleet of

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NOW IN THE NEW ECONOMY SIZE PLASTIC SQUEEZE PACK!



MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH IOLAN CLEARS DANDRUFF QUICKLY

Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff quickly! That's the Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff quickly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo—the only preparation on the Australian market containing Iolan. Loxene makes it easy with a new squeeze pack. Gentle, deep-cleansing of the scalp is only a squeeze of your fingers away! Used regularly, Loxene Medicated Shampoo not only the scale is only a squeeze of your fingers away! Used regularly, Loxene Medicated Shampoo not only the scale is not seen to see the scale in the scale in the scale is not seen to see the scale in the scale in the scale is not seen to see the scale in the scale in the scale in the scale is not seen to see the scale in ated Shampoo not only clears dandruff but helps to stop it breaking out again. It brings out the full gloss Nature intend-ed for your hair. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective and economical to use. You get sixteen luxurious shampoos in every 8/6 pack. Put Loxene to the test today. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!



Page 54

***** AS I READ ****** THE STARS By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting February 21

MAR. 21-APR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, rose, Lucky days, Tues., Thursday.

* You might be asked to join a group or, at a small gathering, you could find new interests. If quite young, there's a chance of romance through a meeting at a club function. TAURUS

TAURUS

APR. 31-MAY 20

Lucky number thin week,
Gambling colors, white, gol
Lucky days, Wed. Priday. GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 4
Gambling colors, orange, tan
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday

sible with a new staff member.

*Your journey may be short, but linere's a sparkling rainbow as the end. Whether you meet new friends, visit new places, or just go for a change, you'll be thrilled. The trip could start a new project.

*An unexpected piece of good arritme could start a new project, and arritme could fail into your lap dramatically from an elderly relative, or could hold the winning tacker in a reason from an elderly relative, or could hold the winning tacker in a raffle or lottery.

* If there has been friction recently, a new approach could help, if that critical faculty of yours has been working overtime where the man in your life is concerned, try last and patience.

* This is not the moment to

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 6
trambling colors, navy, red.
Lucky days, Sal., Sunday.

JULY 23-AUG. 22

* Lucky number this week. 3
Gambling colors, lilac, greer
Lucky days, Thurs. Sanday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
4 Lucky number this week. I.
Gambling colors, yellow, black
Lucky days, Mon., Saturday

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
Locky number this week, 5ambling colors, grey rose,
sucky days, Thurs, Saturday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 23-NOV. 22
Lucky number this week, 7
Gambling colors, silver, gold
Lucky days, Tues, Saturday

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 28

Lucky number this week. 9
Cambling colors, red, white.
Lucky days. Wed., Saturday.

CAPRICORN

PISCES

If you are job-hunting, house-hunting, bargain-hunting, your luck is in. Wheeher you are buyer or seller, business should be profit-able. In some cases the man in your life brings off a big deal.

* This is not the moment to associate too much with strangers about whom you know very little. Don't borrow or lend money or articles; broken friendships can be the price you will pay.

That attractive new man you met at a party will call you up and make a date for a twosome. Something you hoped for but doubted of achieving, is headed in your direction this week:

You are naturally shy, but this week you should take the lead. You may have to defend your principles against criticism. None of this is likely to be easy, but you can win an outstanding victory.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as festure of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.] ***********



BABY CARE FOR

Use new JOHNSON'S Corron Buds . . . for baby's eyes, for nose, for ears — hygienic,

ready to use - made specially for baby's most delicate cleansing needs.



For Applying Medication

Use new Johnson's Corron Buns . . . for cleansing small hurts, applying medication.

For Cleansing Ears ...

Use new Johnson's COTTON BUDS cleansing cars, nosc —gently, easily.

Baby Soft-Baby Size-Baby Safe! Made from the softest, finest

cotton, tight spun to stay firm -can't slip, twist or come off! So safe for baby-so convenient

Johnsons



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

TABLE-MATS TO MAKE



GAILY STRIPED cotton material has been used for the mats. A good color scheme would be red and white with white crochet.

Materials: Two balls Coats Chain Mercer Crochet No. 20 in selected color; I piece striped cotton 11½in. x 12½in. for centropiece and 2 pieces III piece striped cotton 11½in. x 12½in. for centropiece and 2 pieces III m square for place-mats; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

Tension: Size of motif, 2½in. in diameter, approximately.

Measurements: Centrepiece, 10½in. x 16½in., approximately; place-mat, 10½in. x 14½in., approximately; place-mat, 10½in. x 14½in., approximately.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slipstitch; d.c., double-crochet; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; tlz., triple treble; p., picot; sp., space; rep., repeat; lp.(s), loop(s).

FIRST MOTIF

Commence with 10 ch., join with a st. to form a ring.

1st Row: Into ring work 24 d.c., 1 sl-st. to first de-

Is Row: Into ring work 24 d.c., 1 st-20, to first d.c., 2nd Row: 4 ch., * 1 tr. into next d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into 5th ch. from hook picot made), (1 tr. into next d.c., 1 ch.) wice; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. and ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into and of 4 ch.

4th Row: Into each sp. work 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 4 tr., pi, 4 tr., 1 h.tr., and 1 d.c., adding with 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten

SECOND MOTIF

Work as first motif for 3 rows, the Row: * Into next sp. work 1 d.c. 1 h.tr., 4 tr., 2 ch., 1 slip-st. into corresponding p. on first motif, 2 ch., 1 d.c. mto first ch. worked, 4 tr., 1 h.tr., and 1 d.c. Rep. from * once more, then complete as for first motif, Fasten off.

Work 3 more motifs, joining each as second motif was joined to first and leaving 2 free picots between joinings.

HEADING

HEADING

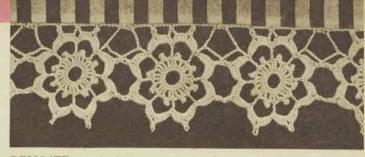
Attach thread to 3rd free p. to the right-hand side of joining on top edge of one long side, I d.c. into same place as join, 10 ch., 1 d.c. into next p., 5 ch., miss 3 tr., leaving last lp. of each on hook, work 1 tr. into next tr and 1 tr. into first tr. on next petal, thread over and draw through all lps. on hook joint tr. worked), 5 ch., 1 d.c. into ext p., * 5 ch., p., 5 ch., 1 tr. between same petal and next petal on same motif, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into joining of motifs, 5 ch., 1 tr. between same petal and next petal on next modif, 5 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into p. worked on heading, 5 ch., 1 miss 3 tr., 1 joint tr. as before, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next p. Rep. from * 3 times more, 5 ch., 1 t.tr. into next p. Fasten off.

Work 5 more edgings in same

TO MAKE UP

Damp and pin out to measurements.
Turn back a small hem to wrong side
at mass and slip-stitch.
Place edgings in position at each end
finats and slip-stitch heading to edge
of hem.

• Crisp, fresh, and easily washable table-mats always add charm to a table. These mats are made easily from pieces of cotton material trimmed with crochet. Directions for making are given below.



DELICATE motif edging on striped place-mats is worked in cotton No. 20 on a No. 3 crochet hook. When all the motifs have been worked, damp and pin out before attaching to the place-mats.



FESTIVE WARE BY AGEE PYREX

Festive yet practical ... elegant yet economical. This is the new Flannel Flower design in Agee Pyrex Festive Ware...in glorious colours of haze blue, rose pink and buttercup. To surround your meals with appetizing colour to make even the simplest meal a feast.

There are over 87 different pieces of Agee Pyrex to choose from in a beautiful variety of shapes and sizes. Clear Agee Pyrex . . . to show off the appetizing colours pieces, or in sets.

of the food itself. And Festive Ware to surround your meals with colour.

All wonderfully easy to clean because the smooth surfaces of Agee Pyrex can't hold undetected food particles. For cooking, for serving, for keeping foods in the fridge, you can't have too much Agee Pyrex! Agee Pyrex

. guaranteed ovenproof in inexpensive single

NOTE TO MOTHER: Pass the word around. She's put Agee Pyrex in the "musts" section of her gift list. It's so beautifully practical



The Australian Women's Weekly - February 28, 1962

Page 55

The world's first moulded bra!

A sensation in Americal Now in Australia! Formfit moulds a miracle in POLYURETHENE

- · No wires, bones, or seams,
- · Never loses its shape
- · Won't crease or wrinkle
- · So soft and comfortable!
- Washes, dries in a jiffy!

39/11



So soft it can roll up in your han



So firm it supports as no cloth bra could.

Polynet 502. The only bra that gives you a permanent, preshaped high young line that never loses shape, never creases or wrinkles! All this and yet it's so wonderfully soft and gentle . . you've never had such complete comfort! Each cup size is permanently moulded in imported revolutionary "Polyurethene," with softly flocked backing and covered in wondrous Helanca lace—giving a perfectly smooth unbroken line. Fittings A 32-36, B and C 32-38 Be fitted now at your favourite store. Polynet 502, 39/1

formfit 502

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 191

relephone in the pantry to long distance. She conle herself, through the series licks and mapping of sigacross the country, with hought that if Mr. Sharp never heard of Philip no damage was done. If it, she could still cover to the strength of the country o

his uncre month ago. So that was that.

So that was that. Mr. Sharp said surprisingly in his faraway legal voice, "If it's important, as I presume it is, I imagine the murses would know. Your cousin required two for several months before her death, and I believe I have their names (thank you, Miss Pigeon) right here. Norma Powers and Genevieve DeMaestri."

lect, and she certainly couldn't leave Hilary to seek a public booth.

The mental coin she tossed came down Norma Powers, and she was in luck. Mrs. Powers was not only at home at 131 Elkhart Road; she had been the day nurse, and she

By RUD

from page 54

Continuing . . . HOURS TO

ingly, "and the old goat she had on the string, somebody she met on night-duty at the hospital, bothered your cousin half to death before he was through. Ring, ring, ring. Not that Miss Glidden wasn't a good nurse—she knew her job, all right—but she had her mind on the men. I don't usually like taking over from another nurse, it's all in the family, you know, but Miss Glidden didn't care because she was getting married, anyway."

way."
"You don't know her married name, by any chance?"

"No . . . something horsy," said Mrs. Powers after a distant and cogitating pause, "or maybe I only think that because he came from out West somewhere . . Before she got so had, your cousin used to complain about Miss Glidden; she said it was all telephone calls and Hadley this and Hadley that But that wasn't his

calls and Hadley this and Hadley that. But that wasn't his last name. I just can't think of it, isn't that always the way?" The world might not be full of Hadleys with horsy last names, but this was too important to make a mistake about Margaret relaxed her aching lingers on the receiver and tightened them again. "Would this have been Isabel Glidden?"

den?"

"That's right," said Mrs.
Powers surprisedly. "Izzy
Glidden, they called her
around the hospital, and did
she hate it. There, I've gone
and taken up all this expensive
time and I haven't been able
to help you at all."

Margaret's mind, taking
cover, informed her that this
explained the lack of highheeled shoes. As a nurse, on her
feet a good deal, Isabel Glid-

den Foale had been accustomed to relaxing in flats. (But then why hadn't she taken any of them abroad with her? Had she bought a whole new ward-robe of shoes?)

The cover fled. Mrs. Foale-The cover fied. Mrs. Foale—impossible to think of her as Miss Glidden after all this time—had been Wilma Trumbell's day nurse, had discovered her legatee, had communicated this to Philip. It could only have been of interest to him because he was half-engaged to Margaret at the time—had he sought her out at all because, through Mrs. Foale, he knew of the Trumbell connection and hoped for the best?

In any case, as the capable

the best?

In any case, as the capable nurse Mrs. Powers had said she was, Mrs. Foale had probably had a fairly accurate idea of her patient's life expectancy. Philip had had a safe period of time in which to woo and win

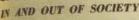
Very well; where did that bring her? Miss Glidden had become Mrs. Foale. Philip had become Cornelia's husband. Hadley Foale had died, also predictably to a nurse who had been on night duty in the hospital where he was a patient.

patient.

That left — didn't it? —
Cornelia. Odd man out.

Not necessarily, thought Margaret, rubbing her temples to
try and smooth panic away:
the evidence in the house was
anything but that of collusion.
Whatever their relationship,
Mrs. Foale hadn't trusted
Philip. The concealed snapshot
of him and the letter in the
piano were a wary guard
against Philip's defection. Well,
she would know how swayable she would know how swayable Philip was where money was concerned, how smoothly he could get himself out from under. She would, as denser

To page 58









wer her tracks. As far as Mr. Sharp lnew, Miss Trumbell had been unacquainted with a Mr. Philip Byrne. He saled, with a deprecation that made Margaret want to going at him through the matthiese, that perhaps he can hardly in a position to make a positive statement about his because his uncle, the enior Eugene Sharp, had havy handled Miss Trumbell's affairs. Unfortunately, But she could hardly call columns to the large of the sale and the sale

make this delicious

new junket dezzert

Cut 12 marshmallows into quarters,

Heat to luke warm, as for junket.
Add I Hansen's Plain Junket Tablet

dissolved in a little water and 3-4 drops

Pour into individual dessert glasses, allow to set in warm place, then chill,

Simple to make made in minutes!

SUMME SUMMET ()

When very cold and before se prinkle with toasted coconut.

MARSHMALLOW TOPPER.

add to 2 cups of milk.

was brisk and articulate. After was brisk and articulate. After a confusion over a Mr. Burns, who owned a grocery store in Torrington, she said positively that Miss Trumbell had not known a Mr. Philip Byrne, nor had he come or telephoned while she was there.

while she was there.

Of course, in the last weeks before her death, Miss Trumbell had been able to see only an occasional old friend, and then for a few minutes at a time. That was one of the reasons Mrs. Powers had been given the job in the first place; Miss Trumbell couldn't stand the telephone-ringings and doorbell-buzzings that had accompanied the previous nurse.

"Oh, a gay one, she was," said Mrs. Powers half-admirashion FROCKS · Ready to wem or cut out ready to make.

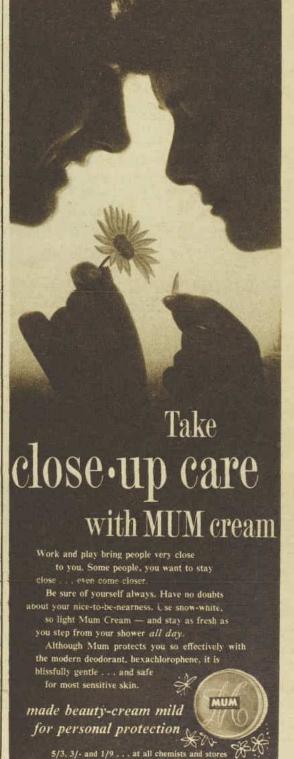


"DIEDRE." — Buttons on the bodice give this smart sheath a double-breasted look. Material is poplin in magnetic-blue, lemon, navy, pink, or caramel. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/2/9; 36

and 38in. bust, £5/6/6. Cat Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/5/6; sizes 36 and 38in. bust, £3/7/6.

Postage on both cut-out and ready-to-wear styles, 6/-





TABLETS

to her own case.

If anything happened to Cornelia, Philip would inherit, and Mrs. Foale would certainly want a share. She would have foreseen the probability of Philip's coolly denying anything to do with her—his contacts with her in Connecticut would undoubtedly have been careful—and against that she had stored her weapons. The snapshot of Philip, the letter, possibly other things:

Margaret, in her scouring of the grounds for material with which to speed the burning of the blood-stained rag, had undoubtedly crumpled up the letter and tossed it into the incinerator.

At what she was thinking she put her

letter and tossed it into the incinerator.

At what she was thinking she put her hands to her cheeks, flat and hard. Reason as she might, Cornelia was not x or y in a given problem. She was Margaret's sister, flesh and blood, naive for all her efficiency, and she was away somewhere with Philip. When Margaret's mind glossed over the phrase "if anything happened to Cornelia" she knew it was because she was afraid to face the meaning of the words; Cornelia's sudden death.

Call Jerome Kincaid? He was a man

sudden death.

Call Jerome Kincaid? He was a man who knew what to do about all kinds of things; that was evident in his competent face, his eyes that could go so soft. She had wishfully accepted him as an old school acquaintance, because she liked him; underneath, in this raw moment, she knew that she had never believed it.

He knew something about Mrs.

FROM THE BIBLE

· The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry.' -Psalm 34:15.

Foale, and just as certainly he was in-terested in Cornelia's and Philip's where-abouts. But on whose behalf was he acting?

There was—and shockingly she had forgotten him—julio Garcia, dead by such painful degrees. Even if it were a private vendetta, nothing to do with his having been in this curiously sinister house in the past, there was still her own part in it.

own part in it.

Margaret could never remember having spoken aloud to herself, in whatever extremity; when she had heard people do it on the stage, it smacked of self-consciousness. Now, hands still tight against her face, she said to the neat blue-and-white pantry, "Oh heaven, what shall I do?"

She did exhibit word the same

what shall I do?"

She did nothing, until the next morning. She wished the day away with meaningless and unnecessary tasks, taught Hilary how to play solitaire; thought, each time she passed the silent telephone, they'll call tonight. I'll tell them they've got to come back, and before I leave here I'll warn them both. I'll tell Cornelia to make a different kind of will, I'll tell Philip that I know about Mrs. Foale and her being Miss Trumbell's nurse. He wouldn't dare, then—

But they did not call,

But they did not call.

The morning was by turns dark and windily gold, with thunderstorms forecast on the eight o'clock news. While Margaret stood at the kitchen window, trying to get coffee down a sore and aching throat, the sun disappeared and hailstones rattled down through the bare budding branches of the pear tree. She had slept patchily, perhaps because of her throat, and she must have dreamed, because each time she woke it was with the same feeling of panic.

It was the kind of morning on which catastrophe seems built-in, a smell of smoke hovers just around the corner, cups and glasses topple of themselves. Margaret had begun it by opening a fresh jar of instant coffee and, in her distraction, forgetting what happened when vacuum seals were punctured at high altitude.

A geyser of brown powder shot up and then settled slowly down over her hair, her dress, her hands.

It was somehow, at this point, the most natural thing in the world, and after the merest washing of her hands she wore the powder as grinily as a hair shirt while she waited for water to boil.

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Continuing . . . HOURS TO

At nine o'clock, with Hilary occupied over her breakfast and the house eerily dark with coming thunder, she called the telephone number she had found in Cornelia's hedside-table drawer.

It answered crisply and at once. "Breslin Laboratories". Hello? Breslin Laboratories."

"Do you — I have a capsule that I'd like analysed, do you do that?"

The voice told her kindly and a little patronisingly that they did not; they served the hospitals in the area. Undoubtedly her own doctor could arrange

arrange...

Was this the answer Cornelia had received, or had she ever called at all? "Cornelia had to change her medicine..., she said it made her

from page 57

sicker." And: "She threw up all the time and she had awful pains in her stomach."

Intestinal flu might do that, but at one point Cornelia hadn't thought so. She had gone as far as looking up the number of the laboratory, and saving one of the capsules, and then some-

one of the capsules, and then some-thing had happened that changed her mind.

Perhaps Philip had pretended to call Dr. Muir in her hearing, perhaps he had seemed so frantically worried that whatever had sown the original seed of fear was wiped out and for-gotten. Because Cornelia must have had something else to go on; no

happily married wife would suspect her husband of poisoning her simply because medicine didn't agree with

KILL

Something had certainly changed Philip's mind. Hilary's arrival, the presence of a third and inquisitive person in the house?

In any case, Cornelia had dismissed her own suspicions as the effects of illness or delirium; otherwise she would never have gone away with Philip, and she would not have left the capsule so carelessly and openly in a drawer.

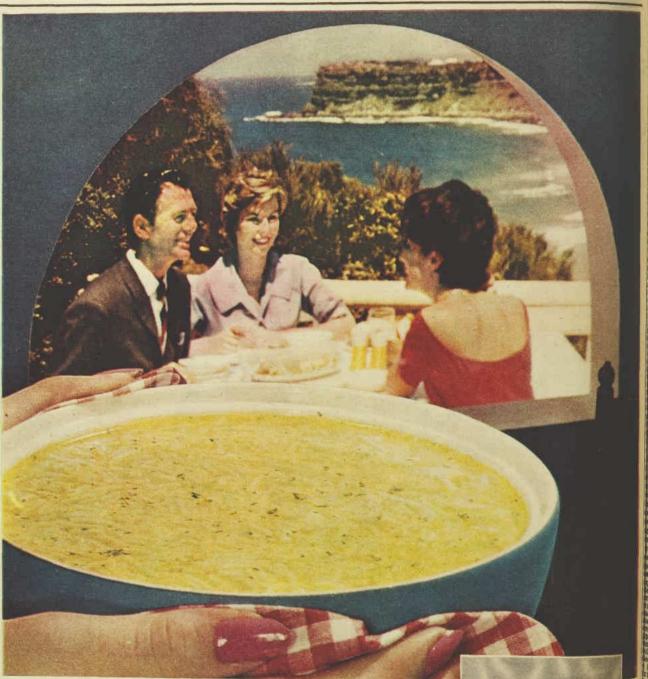
Margaret clung to that, and to the Suddenly remembered fact that Philip's job was with a chemical firm; he might well have had business To page 59

with a laboratory and the capsule might easily be a sample.

On the cover of the telephone book she was staring at, Cornelia had writ-ten "Lena," and then a number, After a second's hesitation, Marganet dialled it.

dialled it.

Lena remembered the envelope and the capsule. On being told that Margaret was to occupy the double bedroom after the Byrnes left she had prepared it thoroughly, washing and rening the dimity curtains, turning the mattresses. Between the mattresses. Between the mattres and box-spring of Cornelia's bed she had found an envelope; about to throw it away, she had noticed that it held some kind of pill and had plat it in the bedside-table drawer. Was that all right?



Add zest to Cool Summer Meals with Continental soups

Crisp salads, tasty coid meats, refreshing deserral These are all a part of cool, summer meals. But to give a real lift and zest to hot-weather meals start off with Continental brand Soupl WONDERFUL SUMMER RECIPES! As well as enjoying all the wonderful Continental brand soups, here's an idea. Try Betty King's suggestions for tempting summer dishes made from Continental's packet soups. See the easy, meal really complete and satisfying. So perk up appetites,

Continental soups

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 26, 19

Continental



Try these wonderful summer RECIPES

says Betty King

if cup of finely chopped and green capsicums to ic onion dip recipe.

maic onion dip recipe.

PRAWN DIP

Shell prawns and chop

roughly. Fold I cup chopped

prawns through onion dip.

SEA FOOD CONTINENTAL

for in flaked salmon, tuna,

shrimps or prawns, packet Continental brand Cream of Chicken Soup.

cep uncooked rice.
2 cups (16 oz.) water.
i cup evaporated milk.
i cup grated cheese.
I ou soft breadcrambs.

I cap soft breadcrambs.

Method: Blend the contents of the pucket of Continental Soup with the 2 cups water. Add rice, stirring till boiling, simmer 10 mins. Add the flaked salmon, tuna, shrimps or prawns evaporated milk and grated cheese. Place in individual dishes or a casserole dish. Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan, add the breadcrumbs and mix until moistened. Sprinkle the buttered crumbs over the mixture in the dish and bake in a moderate oven for 20-25 minutes. Serve with vegetables or buttered toast.

CHITHENTAL SAYOURY EGGS
dozen hard-boiled eggs.
pucket Continental brand
Chicken Noodle Soup.

caps boiling water.
in [1 lb.] cooking salmon
drained.

cups white soft bread-crumbs.

benten egg.
tablespoon finely chopped
onion.

on vinegar ar 2 tea-

teapoon vinegar er 2 teapoon lemon juice.

Flour | Jor | Coating |
Flour | Grand | Jor |
Flour | Grand | Grand |
Flour | Grand |
Flour | Grand | Grand |
Flour | Grand | Grand |
Flour | Grand |

Continental

Byrne had forgotten to take with her. In answer to Lena's shy query as to whether she felt all right she said yes again,

and thanks, and hung up.

But she did not feel all right; she felt far from all right; she felt far from all right. Her head was heavy and hot, the tonsil that had blos-somed into quinsy twice, years ago, ached suspiciously. But she could not get sick now; it was had enough having Hilary

sick.
Lightning flared through the
purple house, followed at no
alarming speed by a crash of
thunder. Even so, Margaret
waited and smoked a calming
cigarette that she had to light
twice before she used the telephone again to call Jerome
Kineaid.

He wasn't in his room at the motel, but instead of re-turning her call he arrived at the house an hour later. Mar-garet knew from his air of controlled intensity, his care-fully unhurried inquiry about Hilary and about her, that he Hilary and about her, that he thought she was going to tell him she had heard from Cornelia and Philip. It came as a surprising stab that he was here so promptly only because she was a link to them, and indirectly to Mrs. Foale; it undid all her circuitous plans.

She said, "You never knew Cornelia or me, did you? You wanted to get into the house because of Mrs. Foale."

His eyebrows crooked at her and then went up. "What's all this?"

Margaret gazed implacably back. "I saw you trying the door that day."

back. "I saw you trying the door that day."

". You did. Then you're remarkably trusting," said Kincaid with a trace of mockery.
"For all you knew I might have been planning all the time to make off with the piano. I could give you a number of good and virtuous lies about why I was trying the door, but no. I never knew you before—I'd have remembered—and I've never set eyes on your sister Cornelia. But I had found out what I could about her and so I knew a little about you, too. And I am interested in Mrs. Foale."

There were a number of dignified replies to this. Margaret said, "Why?"

He seemed to turn something over in his mind before he said, "For someone clse who

HAZEL . .

Continuing . . . HOURS TO

wonders why she went abroad so suddenly without telling anybody."
"She did tell someone. A woman named Grace in Phila-

delphia."

"By wire." There was a pause, in which Margaret realised that as long as a verifiable telephone number was used it was possible to send a telegram in any name.

Kincaid was looking at her almost dreamily. "What would you do if you were going abroad—I mean, what personal preparations would you make?"

A wave of irritation, prob-

A wave of irritation, probably fever, swept Margaret from head to toe. "I haven't the smallest idea."

"Yes, you have," said Kincaid soothingly. "You'd buy some new clothes, women always do. You might have your hair done." He gave her a sharp glance from which all dreaminess was gone. "You dreaminess was gone. "You would certainly have the pre-scribed shots. Mrs. Foale did none of these things here."

Margaret didn't ask how he knew; his voice was too flat and certain for that. "But she came from the East — she wich."

"She is in Europe, she must be. She sent Elizabeth Honey-man for her mail and address book."
"Did she?"

Notice to Contributors

from page 58

Although he didn't move, he gave an impression of having spun argumentatively on her. Margaret said, "All right, then, you don't believe she's in Europe. Where do you think she is?"

He got up and walked to the windows. "I don't know."

(. . . Shut up somewhere.)
Margaret forced her mind past
that and gazed steadily at Kincaid's tall uncommunicative
back. If he had gone to the
trouble of finding out her
father's name, the elementary
school she had attended, a single memorable event in Corsingle memorable event in Cor-nelia's youth, he certainly knew about her past relationship with Philip. The reminder hardened her voice. "But you think Philip may know."

ONE shoulder lifted and dropped, dark against the shrill gold light. Kincaid said again, "I don't know," but he said it late.
"But it's Philip you're after," s a i d Margaret persistently. After, not interested in; the choice of words was instinctive, because in spite of his ease—gone, now — and his almost musical voice, this man was a hunter. hunter.
"In a way, yes."

"You can't be after somebody in a way," said Margaret irrit-ably. "You are or you aren't." The little silence was taut, something bent almost to the breaking point. She realised with a surprise that made her flush that it was exactly be. with a surprise that made her flush that it was exactly be-cause Kincaid did know about her past attachment to Philip that he didn't trust her. Did

that he didn't trust her. Did he think she would refuse to believe whatever he had to say, and find some means of warning Philip? Margaret said through stiff lips, "You can tell me. It can't possibly be worse than what I'm thinking."

At that he turned, and at something in her face he made up his mind. An edge of Margaret's attention registered his silent wish that it were a respectable hour for a drink. He said, "I don't suppose Byrne told either of you he had been married before."

. . . by Ted Kev.

Byrne: suddenly bru impersonal. And bigamy. seemed just now the most trifling of offences, but before Margaret's heart had time to lift Kincaid said with a quiet finality, "Twice, Once while he was in college, again three years

KILL

There was something in-finitely chilling about the use of the word "again." Margaret the word "again." Margaret knew at once that Philip had not divorced his wives, but she could only gaze at Kincaid through the pounding heat of her body, and wait.

"He seems to be unlucky. He "He seems to be unlucky. He was left a widower both times," said Kincaid, still in an almost casual voice. "His only consolation being that both women had a little something to leave him. Margaret. Damn it, I knew I shouldn't. . Margaret!"

Margaret hadn't fainted; had, Margaret hadn't fainted; had, in fact, met the shock with the head-on but expected crash of a towering, watched-for wave. What had alarmed Kincaid was a series of raking chills, close on the heels of peeling layers of heat, that shock her visibly. She said helplessly, "I'm just — I think I'm coming down with something," and felt his hand on her forehead, surprisingly

"What doctor did you have for Hilary?"
"Wimple, But I can't—"

"You've got to."

She heard his voice at the telephone, and then it dimmed as she went, shoulder-blades as she went, should shrinking against the rippling

tiptoed in vain; Hilary's roused and neglected voice said from behind her door, "Who's here?"

"Mr. Kincaid."

"Will you shuffle my cards for me?"
"Yes, just a minute."

She was so cold that she couldn't think, welcomely, and her flesh crept irritably where she put the sweater on. She went back to Hilary's room and shuffled the cards so wildly that they kept skidding out of her finers.

Hilary said, "When is he go

ing?"
"I don't know "I don't know ... there."
Hilary seemed to divine that
Margaret could not be ar
another question, or indeed
a not her word. She said
promptly, "You said you'd show
me how to play clock solitaire.
Will you?"
"Later."
"Then can I have some
ginger ale?"
"In a few minutes."

"In a few minutes."

"But I have nothing to do."

"Hilary," said Margaret with great effort, "I do not feel well and I am very busy. You'll just have to play cards some more, or draw or go to sleep or something."

Hilary began a long complaint about her crayons, which Margaret closed the door on. She did not mean to be sharp with Hilary, who didn't feel well, either, but somehow the thought of how a child was to amuse herself, while Cornelia—She said to Kincaid, in the library, "What are we going to do? Are you sure?"

Foolish, blindly hopeful

To page 60



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question, when her own mind had been leading her to just this unthinkable place in time, but Kincaid answered her soberly.

"Have I proof, you mean? No, if I had, the police could have taken over long ago. As it is, Byrne could sue for false arrest, raise hell generally—and abide his time."

"And because he might raise hell," and Margaret, still bound in her unnatural calm, "we have to let Cornelia—"

You said they had a marked tour "You said they had a marked out-book, and that your sister wanted swimming. If you knew it was marked, you must have seen it. Not every place has a swimming-pool. I've get a tour book in the car, let's look at it."

In the moments that he was gone, Margaret sat perfectly still, willing Cornelia to remain what she was through the veil of fever, simply some-one who had to be found. Mrs. Foale

HOURS TO KILL Continuing . . .

had dropped into dimness, so had Julio Garcia. She would have to find out, later, why Kincaid was so sure Philip married women for their money and then killed them to get it, but just now she would close her eyes and my to recapture the tour book.

and try to recapture the tour book.

Open on the coffee table, face down, as though Cornelia had just been consulting it when Margaret and Philip arrived from the airport. She remembered saying something like, "Everything all mapped out?" and Cornelia shaking her head while she turned the book face up. "Not really—we're going to travel like a couple of vagrants. I want to know where the pools are, though. It's going to be warmer as we get down into Arizona."

Gornelia couldn't come to any harm in a pool; she wasn't much of a diver, but she swam like a fish. But there was the car, thought Margaret in a gathering rush of panic, there was the very food Cornelia ate.

There had been a few neat little "What happened to the — his first two wives?"

Kin in the margins, and a photograph at the bottom of a —Margaret shut her eyes left-hand page. Something with palms, because she had remarked that they always looked like false trees to her, to be folded up and carted away when a tropical movie scene had been shot.

Cornelia couldn't come to have more adiabetic and diabetic and insulin shock. The second beat attach. Kincaid glanced away. "Maybe nothing," he said. "That's the trouble. Maybe he just gravitates to women who have money of their own and something wrong with them. The first was a diabetic and died of insulin shock. The second had a heart attack—she'd had rheumatic fever as a child and wasn't very strong."

Cornelia had fifty thousand dol-lars and nothing wrong with her-except that she was just over a severe bout of what had been diagnosed, by telephone, as flu. The recurrent type: the newspapers had warned about that.

"Here's Arizona," said Kincaid, deliberately brusque after a glance at her. "Now, let's see . . ."

It wasn't quite the hopeless task it had seemed at first. Margaret found the photograph of a motel under palma in the Arizona section, and thought the remembered that two of the x's on that page had been near the top, one close to the bottom. She was right, those three had swimming-pools and restaurant with cocktail lounges. One was in Prescott, two in Phoemis.

Kincaid bracketed them with a benefit and produced a road map. They started south, so chances are they wouldn't retrace their steps north. Thry'd probably keep going south-west or west. Your sister wants a rest, and that would mean not more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles a day, maybe a little more or less—that's if they kept moving and didn't settle down somewhere. That would bring them roughly."

where. That would bring them roughly—"
Something about Margaret's still and total silence made him glance up. He slapped the tour book shut and wood. "You ought to be in bed, and I ought to be shot. I'll do the telephoning from my place, and call you as soon as I find our anything. I'll call you, anyway. You'd be surprised at how often people fall into conversation on trips, and mention their plans."

"Not people with plans like Philip's said Margaret. "For all we know, he may have gone in exactly the other direction, he may have already—"You'd know," said Kincaid.

For a moment, in the hot confusion of her mind, Margaret though the meant it in some occult sense. Then she understood, and said in the same dead steady voice, "Out in all that desert? I doubt it."

Kineaid started to speak and cherked himself.

doctor will be here before twelve. In the meantime, is there someone you could get to come in and help out for a while?"

"No . . . Yes, I thin!

the meantime, is there someone you could get to come in and help out for a while?"

"No . Yes, I think so. If you aren't a policeman," said Margaret over the distant and querulous rise of Hilary's voice, "how do you know all this?"

"Byrne's second wife, Ellen Morrow, was my first cousin. I grew up with her. I've had my eye on Byrne for quite a while."

Even if she had just entered the house for the first time Margaret could have found Hilary simply by following the thin curls of colored wax, some ground into the floor, out of the living-room and down the hall. At some point, then Hilary had been out of her room and listening, but when Margaret opened her door she lay in her bed like something carved on a tomb.

Laboriously, Margaret's mind informed her that when she had closed the door earlier, Hilary had been complaining that her crayons were albunted. She had found a peaci sharpener, and this was the result. Hilary opened her mouth. Margaret said wearily, "I know. You didn't want to bother me."

She could not have 'cared just now if Hilary had laid a wall-to-wall carpet of crayon shavings; thinking about Hilary at all was a defence her mind had flung up. If she thought enough about Hilary, so irritably that every square inch of her body felt sore to the touch, she would not be able to think aboat Cornelia, alone with Philip on some unwitnessing stretch of desert road—

And that was what Kincad hado't said, hadn't thought she could stand.

Cornelia, alone with Philip on some anwitnessing stretch of desert road—
And that was what Kincad hadn't said, hadn't thought she could stand.
Cornelia was perfectly safe while she was alone with Philip, simply because Philip was too clever to risk any clae investigation. Whatever happened would happen under the eyes of simon-pure witnesses who could testify to a tragic accident. Philip was used to looking stunned with shock and grief by new, and he would do it well.

Hilary said with interest, "You're shaking."
"I'm cold."
"I'm cold."
"I'm sick and cold," said Mareare out of her pounding throat, "and the doctor is coming and if you're all right I think I'll lie down."

And Hilary did have feelings, well buried but nevertheless there, because her still-flushed squirred face went solemn, her yellowish gaze was geninely alarmed. She had simply never been face to face with any demand on her feelings before.

"If you get sick," said Hilary, practically and offendedly, "who's going to take care of me?"

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WITH THE GENUINE HESSIAN BACK

NAIRN LINO TILES

is. Unskilled. Any kind, strictly for the money, while his head kept after the problem of writing—how to make it come out even and right.

Now he especially hated writing, because it kept his mind off girls, or rather didn't quite make it, which made the work twice as hard as it ought to be. His mind kept telling him, "You're 27. Where's your wife, where's your kids, where's your mother-in-law, and people like that?"

He tried to go on with his writing, but then his mind said, "If you don't find yourself a wife in the next day or two you may never find yourself a wife. Get somebody from a nice family while your reputation as a writer isn't finished, because at the rate you're going it will be finished pretty soon, and then you won't be able to get somebody from a nice family; so where is she?

body from a fince lamity, so where is she?

"Don't sit there; get out and look for her. Send a telegram to somebody. And don't forget, your teeth aren't holding up, either. What's the use writing and making money if you've got to give it all to the Collector of Internal Revenue, and don't allow yourself time to marry a girl from a nice family?

"If you ask me, it doesn't make sense. All right, so you've got this shack and the roadster, and a wardrobe, and groceries, so what?"

He was beginning to talk back to his

He was beginning to talk back to his mind when Fred Sassuni arrived in the red car with the blonde, and it seemed to him that Fred had arrived just in time. He just knew that the girl with Fred was from one of the niest families in the whole world, but if it happened that she wasn't, he was prepared to remark that some of the worst families. A family isn't everything. It's more of a matter of what each member of it is, and he could see that this particular member was just fine.

fine.

He watched Fred look around for the number, but he knew there was no number, because the wind or kids or the squirrels or something had gone off with the numbers he had bought at the hardware store and had slid into the frame for them. for them; so he went out on the front porch and Fred said, "Oh, yes, it is the right place. I wasn't sure."
"Well, come on down and have a cup

of coffee or a cup of martinis, because that's what I'm having: Both, I mean."

FRED came down with the blonde, and Van saw her from close up. The family part of it didn't matter at all. Could she cook, pick up a broom, type, answer the phone, that's all that mattered.

Fred said, "Flora." That's all he said. Flora and Fauna, Van thought. Me and her, her and me. Just right. He sarcely looked at her because he scarcely dared.

dared.
"Come on in, Flora," he said at last.
"See where literature is made. You, too, fred—if you want to. I mean, thanks. It's very nice now on the beach, rising tide, lots of driftwood, the stairs are just over there, straight down and you can't miss it—a whole big beach, all and."

can't miss it—a whole big beach, all land."

He heard somebody laugh, he wasn't really thinking or watching it, but he figured it hadn't been Flora, so it must have been Fred, and they went in and he took them straight out to the back porch. "There it is then. The Pacific Ocean, if you care for that sort of thing. Fred, the coffee's perking on the stove, you want to get it?"

"Me for martinis," Fred said.

"Me for martinis," Fred said.
"You'll find all the stuff on the counter there. I like mine double, on the ice, and very dry, and I know that what I like is what Flora likes, too."

Flora nodded, Fred laughed, and left aem alone on the porch.

them alone on the porch.

"That bird out there," Van said.

"That bird out there," Van said.

That's a pelican. They're very heavy,
it was a pelican. They're very heavy,
it was a tem later.

"Where?" Flora said as Van kissed
her, somewhat in greeting and somewhat
to find out about her family.

"It doesn't matter. It's just a conversation piece, anyway." He kissed her
again and heard Fred fooling around
with ice trays and a glass pitcher, "Who's
he?" "Fred?"

"Fred?"

"Fred?"

"As What right has he got? I mean, why should that matter?"

"We'te engaged"

"Precisely. And about time, too. Fred san be my best man."

"No, you can be his best man."

"No need to sall." Vesseling.

No, you can be his best man.

"No need to talk," Van said, stopping her the only way that made sense as far as he was concerned. He was still topping her that way when Fred came out with a whole tray of drinking and

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28, 1962

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Continuing . . . TAKE HER TO VEGAS

nibbling stuff. "I forgot to mention," Fred said, "Flora's my fiancee." "No?"

"Yep."
"Give me that drink, then, man.
This is no time to chatter about aesthetics."

Van took a drink, handed it to Flora, took another and said, "To the bride and to the groom. Fight, fight, fight,"

He took a long sip, and it was good, real cold and gin-slippery and right.

from page 21

about the blonde, but he just couldn't quite decide if the blonde was in earnest about Fred. She listened mainly, and smiled, and now and then laughed.

She stepped up to Van to say goodbye, but she didn't stop, so he

Flora, took another and said, "To goodbye, but she didn't stop, so he the bride and to the groom. Fight, fight."

He took a long sip, and it was good, real cold and gin-slippery and right.

They kept having them until after the sun went down, and then it was time for Fred and Flora to take off. A lot of talk went on with the drinking, and out of it Van got the impression that Fred was in earnest. It was quite astute of Flora, too,

notice from his haphazard talk that he was, in fact, a civilisation-maker. He saw them up to the car and watched them race down Malibu

Road.

On his way back to the kitchen for one last drink before setting out for Las Vegas, he wondered how he could have imagined she might not be the brightest girl in the world when, in fact, her farewell remark demonstrated that she was deep—

Didn't throw her brilliance around Mayan. Not you're cute, you're fun, you're crazy, you're a kick, and all that. Flora was the first to say something with real meaning.

He took his drink to his work-

table and began to revise the story that had come to a dead end, so it would be ready for getting hot again—just about the time he would be seeing the crazy lights of Las Vegas. He'd work two or three hours until daybreak, finish the story, take a shower, eat a steak, and go to sleep until late tomorrow.

Maybe in Las Vegas he'd be as lucky as Fred Sassuni and find the twin of Flora. Wouldn't that be the day, though? Two of them. And both of them out West instead of one of them out West and the other on a back street in Singapore or Djakarta. He was doing all right at the revising when the telephone rang, and for a moment he thought of not answering, because, face it; who could it be—after Flora? Whoever it might be, it would be a let-down. After the sixth ring he decided, "Well,

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JENOLAN WHITE



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Page 61

ver it is, she wants to so he lifted the receiver. 's me," Flora said. don't know you," Van

d.
"Me, Flora."
"I don't know anybody
amed Flora who knows my

named Flora who knows my phone number."
"Yes, you do. I got it off your phone. It's easy to re-member. Klondike 5-224+."
"Oh, that Flora. What's the

work."
"Poor guy. Work, work,

"I'll be at the inn in three minutes."

She was standing on the porch of the inn when he drove up. Nothing like her. Everybody inside the place was looking at her, and everyone outside was edging up to her.

What she had was — well, no use mincing words everything. She was the West She was California. She was the ocean. The sun. The moon. The wildflowers. And she walked. But where did you ever see a ballet dancer who could say as much dancing as Flora could say just coming down the steps of the Malibu Inn? She opened the door of the roadster, seated herself—this alone was poetry — shut the door, and he drove off.

He was going ninety miles an hour when he suddenly said.

the door, and he drove oft.

He was going ninety miles an hour when he suddenly said, "This isn't the way to Las Vegas, this is the way to San Francisco."

"Who's the girl?"

"Well, of course, the best, that's all."

"But you're still driving in the opposite direction."

NEWI

Continuing . . . TAKE HER TO VEGAS

"Oh, is that where we're

"Where?" San Francisco?"
No," Van said. "Las

Vegas."
"But Las Vegas is in the

"But Las Vegas is in the opposite direction."

"Oh, that Flora. What's the atter?"

"Fred ran into his boss at the Malibu linn, and they're ling back to the studio to ork."

"Poor guy. Work, work, wrk."

"Poor guy. Work, work, wrk."

"Good girl."

"But Las Vegas is in the opposite direction."

"Opposite direction."

"Opposite direction."

"You really know words. More than anybody I've ever talked to. And you're entirely right, too. If I keep going in this direction I'll come to San Francisco, not Las Vegas, and I'm not going to San Francisco. I'm going to Las Vegas."

"What are you going to do?"

"Really?"

"Really?"

"I thought I'd get married in Las Vegas. You can do it there in six or seven minutes there in six or seven minutes there in six or seven minutes right after I finish this story that's gone cold on me."

"Married?"

"Married?"

"Yes. I've always been de-voted to the basic premise of marriage, but for a long while I was too young marriage, but for a long while I was too young—you know, eleven, twelve, thirteen—and then I was too busy learning to write to find a girl from a good family—the male side of my family has always married girls from good families, otherwise, of course, the Karamans would have faded out like so many of the other great would have laded out like so many of the other great families that stopped finding girls from good families. But now, with all this fame and fortune, I thought I'd get mar-

bandbox

tint.n.set

from page 61

"I love that word and the way you use it. 'Opposite' has never had so much quality and confusion attached to it."

"Does she love you?

"Does she love you?"

"Well, put it this way. I love her."

He turned suddenly near Gamarillo, and Flora said, "I don't love Fred, but I guess 'I don't love Fred, but I guess 'I don't think I ought to marry somebody just because he loves me. I think I ought to wait until it's somebody I love, too. It's not enough just to be loved, you know. You've got to love in return."

"Yes, that appears to be true."

Well?"

"Well, what?"
"Why should you marry her
if you love her, but she doesn't
love you?"

"I'm getting old. Besides, maybe she does, but even if she doesn't, maybe she'll learn to. I know I'm repulsive on the surface, but deep down underneath I'm a lot less repulsive. I talk, on the surface and deep down underneath both, and most of everything I say is pretty sloppy, especially for a writer, whose business is language, but maybe she'll learn to love me."

"If she has got to learn, maybe it won't be the real thing."

thine."
"The real thing. There you go again. Of course, I don't want anything less than the real thing, but are we sure, any of us, that Cleopatra's love for the kid was the real thing?"
"I never saw the morie." "I never saw the movie,"

"It's just as well, because in the movie they'd play like it was the real thing even if it really wasn't. That's why they

stopped in front of The World-Famous Marrying Place.

"Aren't you going to finish your story first?" Flora said. "No. I want to get married st," Van said. first.

"Is she waiting in there?"
"That's the way I figure."

They went in, and the little man and his little wife got up from their rocking-chairs, and Van handed the man a hun-dred-dollar hill, and the man handed him a lot of change and an to write.

Van Karaman," Van said, and the man wrote.
"And the bride?" the little

man said. "Tell him your name," Van

d.
"It won't be legal," Flora
d. "He has got to write her

name."
"There you are again. Legal.
Tell the man, Flora, and then tell him whatever your last

FLORA took Van aside and whispered, "You're a Mayan, really, but I can't use my name when she's the one who's marrying you. It would be like I was the one. I mean, we'd be married. Look, it stands to reason that if your name and mine are on the licence, we'll be the ones who are married. Doesn't it?"

"Doesn't it what?"

"Doesn't it what?"

"There you go again. A perfect choice of words."

fect choice of words."
"Well, doesn't it?"

"I never quite thought of it that way," Van said. He con-sidered the whole complication for a moment, and then he said suddenly, "Tell him your name. We'll take our chances."
"Well, Fin warning you. It'll

really wasn't. That's why they call 'em movies."

They talked all the way to Las Vegas, where, at three o'clock in the morning, Van

"Well, I'm warning you. It'll be us getting married," Flora said. "And I don't think your wife's going to like that. Plans, preparations, and everything.

all."
"Do you know," Van said,
"it's so late in the morning and
I'm so just generally in love all
around that, by golly, this may come as a surprise to you. I really don't especially mind if it does, in fact, turn out that it is us getting married. Tell him your name. He's getting con-

"He's getting confused? What about me? What's more, what about her?"

'Let her marry Fred Sas-

"Does she know him?"

"They were engaged."
"She was engaged to Fred Sassuni, too?"

'Yes, of course. "Flora Beauregard."

You can't use a phony name it's got to be your real name.

'Flora Beauregard is my real "Write it down." Van said.

what part of the South?"
"Charleston—for ages."

The Beauregards are consid-"The Beauregards are considered a pretty good family, aren't they?"

"Considered, yes."

"There you are again. That particular usage. Brilliant."

After the short ceremony Van droor to the Bancho for a wed-

drove to the Rancho for a wedding breakfast. Beldon Katle-man himself sent over caviare and champagne and had red roses put in the Wedding Cot-

In the middle of the after-noon the Mayan woke up with a start, disbelieving the whole a start, dispensiving the whole thing; but no, it was true, every bit of it, for there she was, blond, beautiful, brilliant, and fast asleep. Van just barely kissed her. She mumbled, "Wonderful Mayan."

"Oh," Van thought, "she doesn't mean the people who had that great civilisation. That's just the way she talks."
He get out of bed and went to the sitting-room and finished the story. the story.

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

Once at the window she saw

Once at the window she saw the familiar lightening in the sky, heard the birds and the squirrels and the sound of the milk truck way down the street. I haven't had the dream for almost two weeks, she thought. She tried to feel glad about that. Two full weeks of untroubled sleep — she certainly ought to be thankful for that.

She wasn't. She had thought it might be over. Every night she had gone to bed and every night she had gone to bed and every night she had breathed more casily. It's gone, she told herself, I've worn it out. It's all over. Well, she hadn't. Sighing, she went back to bed, slipped in beside her husband and tried to sleep.

After a little while, when

After a little while, when she knew it was useless — for her whole being was alert, quiveringly awake — she forced berself to relive the dream. Sometimes she could conquer it in this way, lay it to rest and get back to sleep. Resolutely then she closed her eyes and allowed it to take form before her eyes.

It was always the same. To begin with, there was nothing but a vast stretch of light and shadow and then, as she lay there, it began to change, tak-ing form subtly, moulding it-

She knew that the baby was all right. He slept in his crib not sax feet from her side of the bed. They had planned to move him into the other upstairs bedroom, but during the winter she had decided it was said to be a beautiful there. whiter she had decided it was easier to keep him right there in the room. If he kicked his covers off, she would be there. If he had a cold or cried, it was much simpler having him close by, beside the bed.

After the dream had come. After the dream had come, recurring without any warning at all, she could not bear the thought of moving him; for even before her hand reached the lamp she had turned her body in the darkness and was stäring in the direction of the crib, terrified that something had happened to him.

He was always there where

He was always there, asleep, He was always there, asleep, his knees drawn up under him so that his little bottom stuck up in the air, and he looked like a lopsided pyramid under the covers. His face, round, innocent, dark lashes against fair skin, was turned toward the bed and, even when the light flooded the room, there was no tremor of awareness, no knowledge that he was the key figure in her dream, the very core of her fear.

I can't stand it any more, she

I can't stand it any more, she thought. She got out of bed, feeling a wave of anger because her husband slept untroubled. They had gone to bed at eleven, and she knew without looking at the clock that it was now about five.

That was six long hours.

A LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

self into two long empty strips, one of sand, the other of water. As soon as these areas were spread before her they came from page 24 Some of it must have been Some of it must have been spent in sleep, a dream wouldn't take the whole six hours no matter how agonising and prolonged it seemed. She knew that it hadn't robbed her of all her rest, but even so, she felt drugged with weariness. She ached with fatigue and knew that she ought to roll over and go back to sleep.

spread before her they came to life — the water, grey-green, rising in swells, churning, swirling, mounting into great, white-capped waves that burst themselves against the beach, pounding, crashing, breaking on the sand in fountains of white foam and salty stray.

pounding, crashing, breaking on the sand in fountains of white foam and salty spray.

The noise of the sca was deafening in her ears, It was like the sound of a great wind in the trees, the roar of a train in a dark tunnel, the crashing sound of a waterfall, the throbbing, deafening sound of heavy surf pounding against the shore.

As she came along at the water's edge she could see a small thing, indistinguishable at first, just a dark object like a round cask, bobbing in the milky foam at the edge of the sand. Unaccountably her stomach lurched in fear, and she began to run; but as she ran, her legs refused to move, her knees jack-knifed in the terrible effort she was exerting as she tried to run; her feet caught in the foam at the water's edge, tangled as though in a net that pulled her backward.

As she struggled, the small thing at the edge of the water became clear and she saw that it was the baby, standing there on his uncertain baby's legs, waddling fike a plump pinkand-white duckling in the spray.

As she watched, fighting to

As she watched, fighting to gain a foothold as the waves licked the hard-packed sand from beneath her feet, driving her backward, she could see her husband. He sat on a rowel in the sun, a newsp spread in front of him,



A.R. TABS

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comb it through-it tints and sets! Now you can set your hair and spack it with colour, too. With Bandbox TINT - N - SET you do both nent dye, this new creme lotion gives long-lasting waves and curls with the added glow of a subtle tint. Whatever your natural shade, Bandbox TINT - N - SET gives your hair fuscinating highlights. Just comb Bandbox TIMT N SET through your hair. No mixing? No rinsing! (Shampoos out at ence if you want a change of tone.) Fabulous TOST N SET! Get a tube Lovelier waves and curls, colour too!

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wore dark glasses and his hair hung over his forehead.

He didn't look up. She began to seram then. "Hall" she screamed. "Hall, the haby! The baby!" Her voice was thrown back at her. Sand stung her face as the wind whipped down the beach, gathering the sound of her voice and flinging it back at her.

Hal never heard her. He sat hunched forward over his paper. He sat while she watched the waves come surging in and swallow her child, sat while she was the baby disappear in a great swell that broke over the beach like a mammenth hand scoping over the sand, taking her child in its grasp and drawing him down, down, down where she would never be able to reach him again.

The wisted violently in the bed.

She twisted violently in the hed. She had only made it worse. Each time is became worse. Each time it seemed is like a dream. Seeing it, fully awake as he was, it had taken on a new and inister twist. The room was awash with the pale grey light of early morning, and she found that she was trembling with anger as she watched Hallepp.

lieng.

Realising this, she passed her hand over her face, rubbing her eyes with a build fierceness, trying to erase the dream and the anger and fear it produced in her. She got up and went down the hall to the bathroom, washed her face in cold water, and went down-pairs and put on the coffee.

WO hours later Hal appeared with the paper under his arm. He was shaved, wearing a white shirt and dark tie, and he bent to kiss her

the was shaved, wearing a white shirt and dark tie, and he bent to kiss her hot stopped.

"Hey, he said, "something wrong?" She tried to smile. She shrugged. The same old thing." "Bream again?"

She medded.

She waited for him to open the paper. shake it, and turn it inside out the way he always did. She poured his coffee and pushed the sugar across the table. What's the matter?" she asked. "Don't you want scrambled eggs?"

"Yeah, sure." he said. He took his coffee and sugar, but still he didn't open the paper. "Look," he said, "this has been going on long enough. I thought you said the other day you hadn't had that dream for almost two weeks. Is it aways the beach and the baby?"

"It's always the same."

"Can't you figure out what brings it no? What did we have for supper last night? Isn't there something that happens every time before you have it? Something that upsets you?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Did I do something to make you mad yestreday?"

"You know you didn't"

He looked at her quizzically. "Did something happen to the baby yesterday?"

"You know you didn't"

He looked at her quizzically. "Did something happen to the baby yesterday?"

"You know you didn't"

He looked at her quizzically. "Did something happen to the baby yesterday? Did be fall or something?"

Everything was fine." she said. "It was just a usual day."

"Did you get overtired? Did you from while I was out last night? Did you got in att night. I felt fine all day."

"An you worried about something?"

Are you worried about something?"

*Are you worried about something?"

*Are

sop trying to analyse me. It's only a dream, "I'm only trying to help," he said. "I monly trying to help," he said. "I only a great it." I'k now you don't." He put the laper down and began to cat his eggs. Anne, he said, "I think you ought to alk to the doctor about it." She looked up quickly, dismay flashing aroas her face. "No," she said. "I think you find a gross her face." No," she said. "Why not?" "Oh. Hal, for heaven's sake. He's a busy man. Can you imagine how I'd hound? "Doctor, I have a bad dream. Hear tell me how to atop it." All he on any in that I need a psychiatrist." "Don't be a nut," he said gently. There's some good reason. You may be anarnic or something. "I don't want to go." "Well, go, anyway. That's an ande and called the doctor's office and cade and called the doctor's office and called the doctor's

the called the doctor's office and an appointment. She couldn't any time with him for a week, during that time she waited for dream to come again. Every night thought, I dare you to come to-

lt didn't come. Now she had an ally and the dream eluded her. Hal as her ally. For weeks he had soothed her, petted her, treated the dream with

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 62

irritation and indifference, but now he was worried and ready to help her. Every morning he said, "How did you sleep?"

you sleep?"

Every morning she replied, "Fine,"
And then it came. Early in the
morning on the day of her appointment it returned to haunt her. She
waked, shivering with fear. Instead
of thinking about the dream, she
thought instantly of the doctor. Five
hours and she would be able to tell
him about it. Five hours.

Her mother came and staved with

him about it. Five hours . . .

Her mother came and stayed with
the baby, and she entered the doctor's
office at ten in the morning.

Even though she told the nurse she
only wanted to talk to the doctor, the

nurse took her blood pressure and blood count and her weight—it was all routine.

"Well, Anne," Dr. Harris said, "I'd want it to stop," asid. "I'd want it to stop, too."

The nurse had brought in her record, and he picked it up and studied it for a minute. "Your hemoglobin is O.K.," he said, "and your blood pressure and your blood pressure and your weight. How do you feel, aside from this dream, but now that she confronted him, there was no good way. She blurted it out, the beginning of it, the substance of it, the way she would lie awake and shiver, and the way she was beginning to feel about Hal, almost as though she blamed him for something that actually had not happened at all.

She finished in a rush, her voice applogetic. "I know it's just a dream and I've tried aot to think about it, but I want it to stop."

"I' don't blame you," the doctor said. "I'd want it to stop."

"I'don't blame you," the doctor said. "I'd want it to stop."

"You."

The nurse had brought in her tecord, and he picked it up and studied it for a minute.

"Your weight. How do you feel, aside from this dream of yours?"

"No." She smiled at him, a setting too tired?"

"No." She smiled at him, a setting too tired?"

"No." She smiled at him, a setting too tired?"

"No." She smiled at him, a setting too tired?"

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"No." She smiled at him, a setting too tired?"

"No." She smiled at him, a setting too tired?"

"No." She smiled at him, a setting too tired?"

"So." She smiled at him, a setting too tired?"

"No."
"Well, now, first of all. If you need a psychiatrist I'll tell you, and it won't be the worst thing that ever happened to you. I'm going to give you a sedative that you can take when you go to bed and again when the dream wakes you, if it does. I'm going to ask you to come back here in another month, and from now on for as long as this thing persists. All I want to do is keep my fingers on the pulse, so to speak. And, lastly, I'm going to recommend that you take a vacation."
"Fine," she said, "my favorite kind of prescription."

"Fine," she said, "my favorite kind of prescription."
"I want you to go to the beach."
"Oh?"
"That's right," he said. "I want you and Hal to go to the ocean and soak up some sun and play in the surf."

To page 64



Vegemite on hot buttered toast in the morning and Vegemite on sandwiches are always popular. Now here is a satisfying nourishing snack for the children when they come home from

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Continuing . . NIGHTMARE

She thought about it and after a bit she said, "I suppose mother could keep the baby, and..."

"Nothing doing," the doctor d. "You and Hal and the by. Just the three of you, at least a week."

"I can see what you're driv-g at," she said.

"Good girl. When do you

"Good girl. When do you think you can go?"
"Soon," she said.
They got away in two weeks. Hal's uncle had a cottage at the beach and he let them have it for a week. She and Hal sat on the porch in the evening after they had arrived, drinking coffee, smoting, and watching the ocean change from blue-green to silvery grey. They could smell a charcoal fire. "Steak," Hal said, sniffing "Wonder where you buy food around here?"

"I saw a store at the cross-

around here?"
"I saw a store at the crossroads before we turned for the
beach. Maybe we could drive
up there tomorrow."
Hal sighed. "Maybe," he
said. "Right now all I want to
do is sit in the sun and roll
in the waves. One solid week,"
he said, yawning. "This is the
life." They sat there until it was
dark and then they went into
the cottage, cleaned up
the supper dishes and went to bed.
It was only nine-thirty, but the
trip had made them tired, and
they were sleepy.

The said yawning the hadn't. The beach had always
been good to her. The only
fault she had cver found with
the ocean was the fact that she
always had to leave it too soon.

WEEK wasn't
enough time. This was a soullsearching place, an unwinding
spot. She and Hal lay in the
sum, and in five days' time they
were a golden brown. Even
the baby was glowing, his skin
a deep honey color. He would
sit at the water's edge, letting
the foam roll over his toes.

trip had made them tired, and they were sleepy.

She slept soundly all night. She didn't stir until the baby waked her in the morning, and then she rolled over in bed, feeling as though she were then she rolled over in bed, feeling as though she were emerging from a dark silent world where she had soaked up enough strength to carry her through a dozen dreams. She wiggled her fingers at the baby. "Hi," she said lazily, "I suppose you're hungry."

He was always hungry. He was seventeen months old and had been toddling for five months. He said "mamma," and "dada," and "go-car," and "hi," and that was about all; but he told her quite plainly

but he told her quite plainly that he was hungry and that

he wanted to be changed and that it ruined his day to see her lying there in bed.

She scooped him out of the crib and changed him, put him in a sun suit and carried him out to the kitchen, where they had rigged up a high chair by using the car seat and a box and a kitchen chair.

Anne found some cereal and

and a kitchen chair.

Anne found some cereal and poured him a cup of milk, then she measured the coffee and sat down by the back door where she could look out and see the ocean. The tide was in.

A WEEK wasn't enough time. This was a soulsearching place, an unwinding spot. She and Hal lay in the sun, and in five days' time they were a golden brown. Even the baby was glowing, his skin a deep honey color. He would sit at the water's edge, letting the foam roll over his toes. Then he would kick and laugh and scratch up the wet sand in his baby fists and fling it into the water.

Anne and Hal sat at the edge of the occan and watched him. The fringes of the waves were warm, the sun melted into their backs, the gulls circled and screamed, and way, 'way out they saw sailboats.

"How can I ever have that dream again?" she said to Hal. Hal reached out and put his hand on top of hers, let the water and sand bury them there together, and said, "That's what the doctor had in mind.

To page 66

To page 66

make dinners delicious



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Here it is, complete and ready-prepared with all the ingredients of good, old-fashioned seasoning — bread crumbs, onions, sage, parsley, thyme and finely shredded beef suet. Paxo makes roasts and poultry taste better than ever. Wonderful sprinkled on steak. And Paxo makes dishes like stuffed tomatoes and savoury mince as easy as pie.

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F7556.—Cool suit for a leenager in sizes 30 to 36in, bust. Requires: "A." 3yds. 54in, material, lyd braid; "B," 4yds 36in, material, lyd braid; "B," 4yds 36in, material, lyd braid. Price 4/F7557.—Two-piece has pleated skirt and jumper top. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires: "A." 8 to 1½yds. 54in, plain material, ½ to 1½yds. 36in, material for jacket lining. Price 4/F5674.—Frock for young girl has short of three-quarter seeves. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Requires: "B," 2 to 2½yds. 36in, material, "A," 1½ to 1½yds. 54in, check material; "B," ½ to 1yd, 36in, plain material, ½ to 1½yds. 54in, material, Price 3/Price 3/6.
F7558.—Easy-fit frock has drawstring waist and roll collar. Sizes 30 to 36in, bust. Requires. Short sleeves, 4yds, 36in, material; long sleeves.
Short sleeves, 4yds, 36in, material; long sleeves, 2½yds. 54in, material. Both styles require ½yd. 36in bust. Frock requires 2yds. 54in. 36 or 54in, contrast. Price 4/-.

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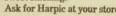
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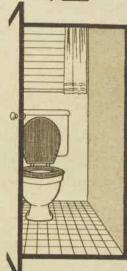


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Fage 65

"I hope so" she said

The dream never came. The last day dawned with the sun behind the clouds, even so, the week had been perfect, and she was glad the dream had not come to shatter it.

They spent the morning cleaning the cottage and loading the car. After lunch Anne put the baby in his crib, then she went out on the porch. Hal had driven up to the store for the Sunday paper and he was busy catching up on civilisation.

"I'm going to walk up the beach," she said.

"Go ahead, I'll listen out for the baby."

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 64

raced toward the water. The tide was coming in, and the surf was high. She could hear it hiss and roar as it rolled in.

rolled in.

Anne started up the beach, passing half a dozen cottages. Now and then she saw people on the sand, but it was a hazy day, there weren't many out. She was sorry they were leaving. Anne had come to feel a kind of aloneness here, an individuality of personality that she had not felt since she was first married.

It gone her a new strength. She

of anead. I'll listen out to be bey."

"If he doesn't settle down, you can get him up and let him wade," she said. "It might cool him off before we start home."

She swung off the porch, her bare feet sinking into the hot sand. She

that she had come much farther than she intended. Their cottage had dropped completely out of sight, and she started to run, her feet splashing along at the water's edge, the crash-ing, sucking, drawing sound of the waves in her ears.

alone, forced by the nothingness of the beach to face hyself, to accept her life, waking and sleeping.

Thinking this, she took a deep breath and paused. She would never forget this week in the sun. She loved the sand and the waves and the blue sky. Looking up, she tried to absorb the scene, wanting to remember it forever.

Her glance swept ahead, taking in the long strip of sand and water, and suddenly it seemed to her that it was nothing but a vast stretch of light and shadow, and then slowly it began to change, taking form subtly, moulding itself into two long empty strips, one of sand, the other of water.

A strange, familiar fear stirred in-

A flick rope of fear swing areas her, and her eyes daried from the wate to the cottage. There was Hal, just a she had left him, sitting with his fer propped up on the porth railing the paper opened wide in front of him. So knew what she would see in the water knew that it was a child.

A cold paralysis seemed to tighter around her legs like iron bands, and the could scarcely make a sound. At last he yoice burst out of her throat, "Had Hal!" she screamed. "The haby! Go the baby!

Hal didn't lift his head. She watches him as she ran. She didn't feel the water or the sand or the sharp shells the lay at the edge of the water. The pounding of her heart was like a great wooden mallet beating inside her bod driving her toward the child as a rollin swell rose over it, tumbling the tima body, carrying it almost beyond the

swell rose over it, tumbling the tma body, carrying it almost beyond he reach.

Her heart seemed to burst, and she couldn't see through the salty spray an the tears in her eyes, and she couldn't reache because fear choked her, traping her breath in her throat.

She grasped the small body, pullin it against her, burying her face in the baby's hair, and she raced up over the sand toward the cottage. Sobbing now for this was not a dream, gasping to breath, hatred for Hal pouring through the body so that when she reached the porch, she began to sob and stream a him, and he got up and stared at her a though she were crazy. Then, boundin down the porch steps, he put his am around her and tried to soothe ber.

"Hey, sweetie, take it easy," he saic this little fish?" He bent down an wiggled his fingers at the haby, mad a face that was meant to bring a smil and brought, instead, a wall.

and looked at it. "Poor baby." sh murmured. She saw eyes filled wis tears, a downcast mouth, fair kin curly wisps of wet hair, a healthy beaut ful, normal little girl — a child she ha never seen before.

"The baby," she gasped. "Where's out baby?"

never seen before.

"The baby," she gasped. "Where's ou baby?"

"In his crib. He's asleep."

"I thought—" she said. "I though-you'd got him up and—"

"You thought I'd let him play doe stere alone." Hal said.

"Oh, Hal, I saw the baby and I was far away I couldn't tell. I screame and ran, and you didn't even look in It was just the same as if I were in the dream."

"You were," Hal said wearily, 'on it wasn't your nightmare this time.

"No, it wasn't," she said.

But she knew better. It was even mother's nightmare. For some it widdeep water, and for others it was firsmashed automobiles, one terror or at other. And when it came, there who use trying to pass the blame—awal or asleep, it was yours to live with. Holding the child close, she statt across the sand to the next cottag. She'd seen a baby on their strip—sand, and even at a distance she'd how it was a child about the age of her ow. She could feel the baby warmth, it vulnerability of her, and she thoughthat if she had suffered a thousard dreams to save her, it had been worth. Reaching the cottage, Anne found girl about her own age. For a minimus she stared at Anne, then she held on her arms and smiled. "For Petel take, she said, "where did you find her? I leam her in the pen on the porch."

"I fished her out of the water, And the said simply.

The girl's face quickly went whiche."

her in the pen on the porch.

"I fished her out of the water, And the said simply.

The girl's face quickly went whicher with the said simply.

"Oh, heavens," she said softly watch her, All I do is watch her, as I think I know every trick she's learned the said softly watch her, and I think I know every trick she's learned to the critish out of the pen? Every time I'm sure I said, something like this happens.

"I know," Anne said, "I know to be said, and the said, and the said, and the said was nodding against her shoulder and the sound the car was a steady hum of when's her own baby's head was modding against her shoulder and the sound the car was a steady hum of when's was a shall, then Anne knew that the dreams would never come again. She was not of it. It was not something she could explain. It was not something she could explain. It was just the feeling the when you have done all you can dil the y

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 28.



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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD ACROSS

- Weak point which destroyed a famous fighter (8, 4).
- 8. Nothing hard in Scotland smell (5).
- 9. Narrow in outlook, not necessarily in an island (7).
- 10. Not permitted till I cited it (7).
- II. They serve to notice 8 across (5).
- 12. An item (Anagr., 6).
- 14. Sailor to obtain an aim (6).
- 17. Buffoon in cat (5).
- 19. Poetically the part of Athens where Plato taught (7).
- U. Far behind the batsman and a little left (4, 3).
- 22. I bit a republic in the West Indies (5).

- The Australian Women's Weerly February 28, 1962

Solution will be published next week.

- 1 In a globy liar (Anagr., 12).
- 2. A rowdy with a protective cover on his head (7).
- 3. Songlike cry in a Chinese 15. Nice rag (Anagr., 7).
- 4. Throws out civets (6).
- 5. A prayer for blessing (7).
- 6. The chief of the jinn cast out of heaven (5).
- 7. When you do it on a boat 20. Pale as a female hird (5).
- you may come to Neptune's court (5, 3, 4).
- A short sharp nail showed the way and grappled with (7).
- 16. Ancient Aramaic version of the Old Testament (6).
- 18. Musical instrument adjuster, whose head could contain 252 gallons of wine (5).



The Things a Woman Likes

There are things that turn an ordinary day into something special. It may be a new hat, it may be the admiration in her man's eyes, or a child's voice that says, "Mummy, I love you best of all." It may be the little thrill of signing her name to a chequelittle things, but important to a woman.

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